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SALUTARY RESULTS OF THE INCOME-TAX DECISION.[1]

THE decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Income-Tax cases recently heard and determined, marks an important era in the constitutional government of the people.

The notion had come to exist among many that Congress was the first, last and final judge in matters of taxation, and that admitted injustice, or any tyranny exercised by Congress on this subject could be redressed only by the people acting in their political character. This idea had grown from the very small beginning of a tax laid on carriages by the Act of Congress of 1794, which the Supreme Court of that time thought, with great doubt and hesitation, was not a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution. That law made no provision for taxing incomes. And so the effect of the decision was thought to be that if a tax on carriages was not a direct tax, a tax upon anything else excepting what, without any stated reason for the difference, some members of Congress and of the Court of that time thought was the only subject of direct taxation,—viz., land and polls,—was not a direct tax. The decision referred to was made in 1796.

After a lapse of nearly seventy-five years (the carriage tax having been soon repealed) cases arose under the war impositions of Congress, enacted in 1861 and the years following. An "Income-Tax" *eo nomine* had never been imposed by Congress until the War of the Rebellion, when a tax of twenty millions of dollars in the whole was

[1] It is proper to say that the views of the author of this article were entertained, and often expressed, long before he had any connection with the cases lately under consideration by the Supreme Court.

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laid upon the several States according to population, to be collected out of land alone; but with the provision that the States might assume the payment of the tax, and collect it in their own way. The same Act of Congress imposed a tax on a great variety of occupations under the heads of licenses, trades, transportation, etc., and, for the first time in the history of the Government, upon personal incomes. During the whole seventy years and upwards after the Constitution was adopted no question did or could arise in respect of the constitutional character of a tax on incomes. The only action of Congress that could possibly affect the question was the Act of 1794, before mentioned, taxing carriages, which tax, as we have said, was upheld as not a direct tax, with much doubt and hesitation.

The acts of 1861, and subsequent war-time acts, did, for the first time, undertake to impose a tax on personal incomes, as falling within the category of "duties, imposts and excises," which the Constitution authorized Congress to lay without regard to the population and representation of the States, provided only that they should be "uniform throughout the United States." The Constitution also provided that "representation and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States . . . according to their respective numbers," adding to the free persons, three-fifths of all other persons excepting Indians,—meaning, of course, the slaves. And the Constitution also provided that "no capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census." These acts of 1861 and the following ones of the war-time were upheld by the Supreme Court in Springer's case (all the other cases can fairly be distinguished) as justifying a tax on personal incomes not apportioned among the States according to population. The law under which the Springer case arose was soon repealed, and no income-tax was again attempted until 1894.

All that the Supreme Court had really to embarrass it in considering these recent cases on their constitutional merits was, first, the Hylton carriage-tax case of 1796 under a law that was finally repealed in 1814; and, second, the decision in the Springer case in 1880. There had not been a continuous carriage-tax acquiesced in—there had been none at all for more than half a century. There had been no personal income tax in the whole constitutional history of the United States for the seventy years of its experience of the urgent needs of more revenue both in times of peace and war. In this state of things, the doctrine of *stare decisis* could have, justly, very little

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influence in preventing a consideration of the questions involved upon their very merits. The Supreme Court was thus compelled to confront and decide a constitutional question of the deepest importance to the future, as well as to the present welfare and peaceful relations of all the people of the country. It held that taxes imposed by Congress upon personal incomes or other property as such, were direct taxes, and, if imposed at all, must be imposed upon the people of the States according to their respective populations. It is curious and interesting to note that in the very learned, ingenious and exhaustive brief of the Attorney-General of the United States (than whom there is no better lawyer in the country) defending the law, there are only two or three pages of the whole ninety-nine devoted to suggesting, even, that the true meaning (were the matter *res nova*) of the Constitution could warrant the imposition of a personal income-tax otherwise than by apportionment among the States according to population as provided in the Constitution. It was the high and bounden duty of the Supreme Court, then, to consider and decide the question on just and intrinsic considerations.

The builders of the political and social state composing the Union evidently intended and endeavored to make the principles and practice of taxation plain. There could have been no purpose of equivocation or concealment. There was none. The danger and the injustice of allowing the force of mere numbers to impose taxes which they should not bear themselves in due proportion, by any scheme that might be invented, upon the minority of the people of the States were perfectly understood. And so the relative equality of representation and taxation as such—just as it then was in many and still is in several States—was distinctly and emphatically provided for in the Constitution,—affirmatively by the provision that "representation and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in this Union according to their respective numbers," and negatively, by the prohibition that "no capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census." Those great architects and builders of government well knew—better, perhaps, than we do in these days of much apparent, and some real sympathy with doctrines and practices destructive of liberty and social order when the point "where virtue stops and vice begins" is becoming obscure—that the rule of taxation should not and could not safely be left to the unlimited caprice or prejudice or selfishness of mere majorities represented in Congress.

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At that time, the condition of the country as a whole and of the inhabitants of many of its States was far from homogeneous; and it was true then as it is now and always will be, that no popular government can reach and enjoy its best development without a substantially homogeneous body of citizens. And so these strong, and, to the unsophisticated mind, plain safeguards against the majority of mere numbers preying upon minorities by unequal, and therefore unjust, exactions were placed in the fundamental law.

But an active and progressive people must have money for the common purposes of administration,—"to provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States," as the Constitution so happily puts it. To this end, in addition to the provision for direct taxation as before stated, the Constitution provided that Congress should have "power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, . . . but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." Thus, the whole scheme for raising money by taxation was complete. On the one hand, taxes that bore directly upon the citizens must be apportioned among the States according to population, and on the other hand taxes in the form of "duties, imposts and excises," that would bear upon citizens only in proportion and according to the occupations and transactions they might choose to engage in, might be laid upon all equally and everywhere. The patriotic men who established this great government knew that unrestrained and unregulated taxation had been, in all the experiences of the world, the chief instrument of tyranny, and that while it was indispensable to the existence of the nation, it was not the less necessary that it should be kept within definite bounds.

May it not be assumed that the very idea of a *government of the people and by the people embraces the intrinsic principle that all its members shall share in equal proportion in its benefits and burdens?* Will the "capitalist," the "laborer," the "Populist" or the "Socialist" question this? The "anarchist," who maintains that property is theft or robbery, may be left out of this inquiry, though property is the very thing he is eager to get from those who have toiled for it while he has been idle. So well is this obvious truth everywhere understood that in the constitutions of nearly and perhaps all the States this fundamental truth is in some form or other declared or recognized.

One of the most eminent of the counsel sustaining the late Income-Tax statute has in his brief quoted that truthful and familiar definition, given by Montesquieu in his "Spirit of the Laws," that a tax is

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"a portion that *each* subject [citizen] gives of his property in order to secure the enjoyment of the remainder." This is an obvious truth, and the only thing that was lost sight of or ignored by the defenders of the tax in the recent discussion in the Supreme Court was the crucial fact that a just tax must be one that *each* citizen bears in proportion to his ability.

Having this equality, there is no danger of unjust classifications or exactions, for in such case the voter imposes upon himself in precise and equal measure the burden that he chooses to impose upon others. Every departure from this rule is class legislation that may be exercised to-day by an aristocracy of land-owners or of money, upon the rest of the people (as probably it might now be in some of the States of the Union), and to-morrow by a reversal of the process. No republic can long survive with its natural and necessary characteristics under such conditions.

These were the aspects in which the Supreme Court of the United States must have considered the vital questions in the case before it.

That it had the courage to perform this bounden duty of deciding upon them (whether assenting or dissenting) neither needs nor will properly allow any comment. It was for such great purposes of equal and just administration that the judicial department of the Government was established. To these very ends the judicial department was made specially independent of the changing fashions and policies of any and every party and period in the nation's progress. The Court may be changed in its composition, as some passionate patriots have already suggested; but if so, it must be done by those slow and sober processes that the founders of the Republic have provided in order that the calm and ultimate judgment of the people may be taken upon such subjects as shall thus appear to deserve consideration and reform in the interest of liberty and equality protected and defended by law. For the present, then, and for a long future, the safeguards of equal rights and equal duties in respect of taxation are reëstablished and put upon the solid foundations that the creators of the Republic provided.

The fears that have been expressed of the danger that this late decision is supposed to have created of crippling the Government in times of war or other sore need are illusory. The whole range of voluntary social and business activities is left open, as the Constitution originally stated it, to uniform and equal taxation, and the whole property of the country, real, personal and mixed, is left subject to

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taxation by the just and safe rule originally declared, according to representation—that is, by taxation, that those who impose it are, with their own people in their several States, to share in the burdens of.

Such direct taxation according to representation and numbers in the several States is by no means so unequal as has been suggested. The first direct tax *eo nomine* that has been laid by Congress since the Constitution was adopted was that of 1861. Twenty millions of dollars were required to be raised. This sum was apportioned among the States according to population, as the Constitution required. A comparison of the sums apportioned will show how far from real inequality of burden, in the main, such a tax was found to be. For illustration:—The State of New Hampshire, was called on for about $218,000. It had about 9,000 square miles of land. The State of Texas was called upon for about $355,000. It had about 261,000 square miles of land. Texas, then, had approximately thirty times the real-estate resources that New Hampshire had, from which to pay, in round numbers, only once and a half the sum that New Hampshire had to pay. New York was called upon for about $2,600,000. It had about 49,000 square miles of land. California was called upon for about $254,000. It had about 158,000 square miles of land. But New York had to pay more than ten times the amount required from California. It will thus be seen that, in the long run, direct taxation upon property in the States, apportioned according to population, will not be greatly unequal. And it is very clear that in respect of duties, imposts, and excises, the States (usually) that may have the advantage in regard to direct taxes will compensate for it in the case of their far greater payments of these indirect taxes. It will be seen, then, that the patriotic fears of any citizens—whatever may be their stations, or present responsibilities—for the financial future of our country in times of war or other calamity, may be greatly mitigated, if not entirely overcome. But however men may, possibly, differ in respect of some of these matters, there is one great fact not to be lost sight of by those who have faith in, and hope for, the continued success and increase of popular government. This fact is that we have a government based upon the *equal rights and equal responsibilities of all its people*, and so constituted by its founders that no one of its proper agencies—legislative, executive, judicial—can exceed its authorized functions without being checked by another. The triangle of our Government—to use a mechanical illustration—makes the strongest possible structure for the security of justice to all.

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The Government is not the state. It is only the agent of the state, and it must act within the limits of its authority. If it acts beyond this, it becomes a usurper, and practises tyranny. The comparison of the governmental tyranny of a single despot, or even of a small body of persons, with the tyranny of the majority of a people, unhappily shows that the tyranny of the mob or commune, or any other tyranny of mere numbers, is far worse than any other while it continues.

There is good reason, then, that the just-minded citizens of the United States should be glad that the great constitutional tribunal at Washington has restored to them their constitutional securities.

The only possible idea of a state governed by its people is one where the burdens are equally borne and all benefits equally open and secure to all. It is well to remember that the axiom stated by Jefferson, when he was assisting to establish the institutions we now enjoy, that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest," is one that states broadly the truth that this decision has applied. The Court has respected and followed the truth as it appeared to it. That was the greatest and most responsible duty which the organic law—the law of the people—had imputed to it. The chief and only really important reason for written constitutions at all is that the people who ordain them know and feel that they cannot trust themselves to do right and refrain from wrong in times of temptation, excitement or tumult. Constitutions, then, are the preordained acts of the self-control of the people as a body. They erect barriers that they intend they themselves shall not be able to pass when temptation in its thousand forms may overcome their calm judgment of what ought to be or what ought not to be. Organized society can restrain itself only in this way, and nearly all intelligent and progressive communities have taken this the only best and surest of methods to protect their citizens from injustice. This decision goes far to make these principles permanent, and such rights of equality and justice secure. The Socialist and the anarchist should heed the power and the capacity of the government of equal law that has no fear in its various departments in protecting the rights and redressing the wrongs of all citizens.

The fears that have been expressed in sundry quarters of the danger of the aggrandizement of wealth and the greed of its possessors leading them to try to escape taxation, compels the inquiry, What is wealth? Is it property worth more than four thousand dollars a

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year? Is the ownership of property or working power of whatever kind, producing less than that sum of income, poverty? Where is the line that places the tradesman, the artisan, the common laborer, the doctor, the clergyman and the lawyer "below the salt"? No arithmetical money-definition of wealth has ever been given; and among a people who are to be free and progressive none can ever be stated. That the tangible wealth of the citizens of every community, be it nation, or State, or county, or town, should bear its financial burdens in due proportion is self-evident both in the science of government and in morals. But the wealth of such a community is *all* its wealth, wherever and in whatever proportions it may be distributed among the members of the community, and where the expenses of a common government are ratably and equally imposed by the taxation of *all* wealth. Every citizen, sharing by his vote in the management of the Government, shares also in his proportion in its responsibilities and burdens, and it is only by such equality of power and duty that he can be the peer of every other. It is such equality, and such only, that will maintain a well-ordered and prosperous state. The Act of Congress which has now been declared void did not proceed upon any such principles, but the very opposite. Now, the essential principles of the people's government of equal rights and equal duties in its management and progress are reëstablished.

There is, perhaps, little or no occasion now, to consider the salient points of inequality and consequent injustice in the provisions of the act; one may be mentioned, however, that was not, it is believed, adverted to in the discussions in the Court. The income of the possessor of accumulated property was taxed at the common rate of 2 per cent. The income of the wage-earner (whether an artisan or clerk or professional man) who had no accumulated property, and whose sole funds were the result of his year's labor, was taxed to the same extent. Thus the capital of the property-owner was not taxed at all; while the whole capital of the wage-earner was taxed to the full extent that the mere gains of the man of property were. If this is not a discrimination against labor and industry, what can be?

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

EX-SENATOR GEORGE FRANKLIN EDMUNDS, of Vermont, was elected to the United States Senate in 1866, where he served for successive terms until his resignation in 1891. He is one of the foremost authorities on constitutional law, and he was of counsel for the appellants in the recently decided income-tax case before the Supreme Court.

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POLITICAL DANGERS OF THE INCOME-TAX DECISION.

THE Income-Tax cases just decided will rank with the legal-tender cases and the electoral commission, as examples of the extraordinary power which one man may sometimes exercise under our system of government. Not only was a tax-law, out of which a return of $30,000,000 annually had been expected, declared null and void by a single vote, but the question was so close that two judges changed in opinion on the reargument. On the first hearing six out of eight judges held the law void as to so much of one's income as is derived from rentals, while four only of them held it void as a whole. On the second hearing, a ninth judge being present, one of the six, together with the new judge, concluded that it was valid as to the rentals, and valid also as a whole. One judge, however, who had voted against it on the rentals question alone, now concluded to vote against it as a whole; and the final poll stood, therefore, five to four on each question. The decision of the court on the first hearing found not a single supporter on the second.

Like the legal-tender cases, again, the decision reversed the previous ruling of the same court upon a great and fundamental political question, which was the centre of a hot political controversy. It differs from those cases in that the decisions which it overrules were unanimous, and had long been acquiesced in.

It is the purpose here to consider, not the merits of the decision, but its probable effects. To do so, the decision itself, and the controversy decided, must first be explained. The case did not turn upon the points mainly discussed by the public. The charges so hotly urged against this income-tax, that it was ununiform and inquisitorial, counted for nothing. The tax, as the court decided that it should have been laid, would have been certainly less uniform and might have been no less inquisitorial.

The Constitution gives Congress the power to lay taxes and duties. It provides that direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to their populations as shown by the census. It

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puts no such restriction upon duties, which are, on the contrary, to be uniform throughout the United States. The court decided in 1880, in Judge Springer's case, by a unanimous vote of the seven judges then sitting, that an income-tax essentially like the late one was a duty and not a direct tax, and therefore valid. A similar ruling had been made in 1868, by a unanimous decision of the eight judges then forming the tribunal, upon the validity of a corporation income-tax; and in these and other cases the court had said that the definitions had been substantially settled as early as the case of Mr. Hylton's carriage-tax, in 1796. Congress, therefore, in enacting the revenue law of 1894, and providing that a certain portion of the existing deficit should be met by the proceeds of an income-tax, acted in reliance upon very clear and definite rulings of the Supreme Court itself. It could not have laid any tax with greater assurance of safety. It could not foreknow the future actions of the court. It had to shape its legislation by the decisions of the past.

Five judges now rule, however,—and these five are entitled to speak for the court,—that the seven of 1880 and the eight of 1868, that Chief-Justices Chase and Waite, Associate-Justices Nelson, Miller, Strong and Bradley and the rest, were all mistaken; and that an income-tax is a direct tax, not a duty. The argument by which this conclusion is arrived at is, of course, a historical rather than a legal argument. The point in issue is the meaning of certain words in the parlance of the eighteenth century. A considerable amount of material was laid before the court by the appellants' counsel, such as fragments of partially reported debates, controversial pamphlets, private letters, official reports. Some material was added by the research of the court; some, at the second hearing, by the Government, which, at the first hearing, had stood upon the decisions alone; some by volunteer newspaper contributors, who probably gave the court the benefit of their individual researches by means of marked copies. Much of this material will be found valuable by the historian. He will probably, however, regard the result as requiring further review on his own part, for the time was far from sufficient for such investigation as a historian would consider it necessary to devote to such a question, or as a lawyer or judge would under ordinary circumstances expect to spend upon it. The rehearing, for instance, which was not expected before October, was brought suddenly on upon thirteen days' notice; and such preparation as the Government was able to make upon these historical matters was made within that period.

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Probably much evidence, of important bearing upon this question, will be found in the future.

The controversy first came up in 1794, when a duty on certain personal property (namely, carriages) was enacted over the protest of James Madison, who insisted that a tax on personal property was not a duty, but a direct tax. This duty was not on the manufacture, importation or sale of the carriage, but upon its use by the owner, whether kept for his private enjoyment or for hire. As to the latter it was thus an income-tax. At the instance, doubtless, of Mr. Madison and his friends, a test case was made up by Mr. Hylton, which was argued and decided in 1796. Of the four judges who concurred in the decision of that case, two had been members of the Constitutional Convention nine years before. One of the two was James Wilson; and he had also been, not only one of the five members of the Committee of Detail, which had taken so large a part in framing the Constitution, but even the spokesman for that committee on the matter of taxation. Unfortunately, he delivered no opinion in the Supreme Court, and his opinion in the lower court has not been preserved, so far as known. The court held the tax, though upon property, to be a duty, and therefore not a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution; for, if a tax answered both definitions, the former should govern.

It will be noticed that the court used the word "duty" in a wider sense than the sense now familiar. The word is now, and in some States was then, used as equivalent to "impost" or customs duty. In the Constitutional Convention, nine years before, Luther Martin, the Attorney-General of Maryland, had asked the Committee of Detail why the word "duties" was used in addition to "imposts" in the draft Constitution. Mr. Wilson had answered that it had a wider signification, extending "to a variety of objects, as stamp duties," etc. Martin had then reported to his legislature that there was a very broad power of taxation lurking here; and the matter was doubtless one discussed in the ratifying convention of that State. One of the leading members of that convention was Samuel Chase, and he, as a Supreme-Court Justice in Hylton's case, calls attention to the breadth of this definition, and says that it comes from England. But the English definition of the word "duty" was very broad indeed. It comprised *every tax not laid by a rule of apportionment.* Among the familiar duties, besides the duties of impost and excise, were those on inhabited houses, windows, shops, man-servants, coaches, offices and pensions; and also the stamp duties, which included bonds

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and mortgages, leases and conveyances, with probates of wills, insurance policies, newspapers, etc. This broad definition, as the Government maintained in the cases just disposed of, was the one applicable to the American Constitution; the puzzling clauses of that document, so far as they related to property taxes, meaning simply that all apportioned taxes should be apportioned according to population, and that all other taxes should be uniform throughout the United States.

Certain prominent gentlemen, however, were dissatisfied with the decision of Hylton's case when it was announced, and either protested against it, or argued that it should be narrowly interpreted. They took the point of view of the new political economy taught by Adam Smith, and thought that "direct tax" rather than "duty" should be the governing phrase. Among these were Madison and Gallatin, and probably John Marshall. The same view has now been adopted by a majority of the present Supreme-Court justices, for reasons set forth in their opinions; and, if I understand their decision aright, the word "duties" in the Constitution is to be confined for the future, at least so far as property-taxes are concerned, to imposts (or customs duties) and excises. The word "excise" is not to be understood in its broader sense, as then understood in Massachusetts and explained in Congress by Fisher Ames, including taxes *on the use* of personal property; for that would include income-taxes. It must be confined to its strict definition, comprising only taxes on the manufacture or sale of merchandise, and also, perhaps, on the sale of real-estate. Whether the duties on occupations and the like still exist in our constitutional system, the court leaves undecided.

Among the many duties revived by Congress during our civil war as means of supporting the Union, and which would seem to be no longer available, are the duties on descents and devises of real property; on legacies and distributive shares of personal property; on carriages, yachts, billiard-tables, watches, musical instruments, and gold and silver plate; on bonds and mortgages, on stocks, and on deeds and leases of land. The duties on the net incomes of corporations (as measured by the interest paid on their bonds, the dividends paid on their stock and the sums carried annually to surplus account), must hereafter be subjected to large deductions, if they can be renewed at all.

The reasoning of the court, in fact, exempts all wealth from effective Federal taxation. For nobody denies that taxation on so large a scale by a system of apportionment is a lame and unsatisfactory

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proceeding at the best, sure to be seldom tried and little relied upon. Even in the case of a land-tax, it has not proved well fitted for emergencies. The Federal Government has never attempted to reach personal property in this way; nor can it be doubted that such an attempt would be a failure.

Suppose an attempt to levy an income-tax by apportionment, exempting small incomes, as must be done in any proper income-tax. The total amount of money to be raised must first be fixed. Then it must be divided up among the States in proportion to their population. Then the number of incomes in each State over the given amount must be ascertained and the quota of that State assessed upon the incomes *pro rata*. This would be unfair enough even if an income were a definite object with a fixed location, like a house. The taxpayers in some States would pay two or three times as much as taxpayers in other States. An income, however, is not a tangible object, nor has it any fixed location. It is usually regarded by legal fiction as belonging wherever its owner chooses to plant his "legal residence." A large income thus wanders from county to county or from State to State, often for the sole purpose of avoiding taxation. One wealthy man moves into Rhode Island for that purpose; another into New Jersey. Moreover, under a system of apportionment many large incomes could never be reached at all. A woman, who is also a millionaire, marries an English duke or a French count. Her income, though entirely the product of American labor, instantly becomes free of taxation under such a system. Queer questions also arise. A man gets rich in Nebraska, invests his property in land there, and lives on the rents. Then, in order to escape taxation, or to get into "society," or for whatever other reason, he moves to New York, or to Rhode Island, or to the District of Columbia. The court holds that a tax on rents is a tax on the land rented. Is his income to be taxed in Nebraska or at his new residence?

The principle of apportionment is grossly unfair as well as impracticable. The industries of our nation are closely intertwined. Each section is partly dependent on the others for its support. Wherever the men with large incomes choose to settle themselves, the incomes which they enjoy are really the joint product of the industry of the entire nation. Each man should, therefore, pay his own share; and to apportion according to legal residence would be to make a sectional tax, discriminating in favor of those parts of the country where wealthy people like to congregate.

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It may safely be assumed that the nation will levy no income-taxes under this new theory of the Constitution. Nor can the States levy such taxes efficiently. The sources of a large income are often scattered all over the Union, and the State which its fortunate possessor selects to reside in cannot tap them. To make the tax efficient the owner and his property should both be within the jurisdiction. State income-taxes never have been successful, and the result of this decision is probably to release individual incomes from all effective taxation.

What are its practical consequences? Will it actually embarrass the operations of the Federal Government? It is easy to make light of such a decision in times of peace, when we have immense revenues from customs duties to help us along. But shall we always be at peace? And can we count upon the customs duties in times of war? Many prominent men—Senators, Representatives, journalists and aspirants for high office—would like to see us plunge right off into a war with the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Let us assume that they succeed in getting us to do so. Let us assume that no other nation is dragged into the war against us; that no injury is done to our commerce by hostile fleets; and that our customs duties therefore remain as productive as ever upon imports from neutral nations. Still, we lose at once our revenue from the products of the British Empire, two-fifths, say, of the custom-house receipts. Add to this deficit the expenses of the war, and we have the problem confronting the Secretary of the Treasury,—How is the money to be got? It will be wanted quickly, not by any slow process of apportionment and valuation. Doubling the existing duties would be no safe reliance. As customs duties are raised, their product is apt to decline. Excises will of course multiply. Heavy duties will be laid on gross receipts from transportation, most of which, like our present duties and excises, will rest on the shoulders of the poor man. But will this suffice to make up the share which ought to be borne in such a war by the present generation? That will be the problem. And as the Supreme Court has closed the door upon wealth, perhaps the nation will find its way out through another door opened by the same court. Perhaps it will pay its way by a new issuance of greenbacks. Because the wealth of the country cannot be taxed effectively, the impositions upon the poor man will be

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doubled, and an immense debt again established for his descendants to pay. Part of this debt will probably be in the shape of more fiat money, to plague rich and poor alike for a generation to come.

Moreover, in time of stress, it is most important that the nation may have recourse to taxes which will be both certain and elastic; in other words, to taxes which may be increased or diminished with some certainty as to the amount of money which will thus be obtained. This is the case with income-taxes. Great Britain, when it adds a penny in the pound to the tax, knows pretty nearly what additional revenue will come in. This is not the case with excises or customs duties, especially the latter. Increasing the duty on an imported article often means decreasing its importation. On the other hand, if the duty remains unchanged, or even is reduced, still its importation may decrease from decreased use or from growth of domestic manufactures.

I have said that excises and customs duties rest on the shoulders of the poor man. I mean the man of moderate means, whose income is exhausted in the support of himself and his family in a moderate degree of comfort. Excises and customs duties come mainly from articles of general consumption. It is admitted by most statesmen and economists that they are mainly paid by the man whose income mostly goes out in obtaining such articles; and that this man of moderate means, when the revenue of the country is derived entirely from such taxes, pays far more than his share in proportion to his income. This is especially the case with what are called "specific duties"; which, as John Stuart Mill said in England, are "a flagrant injustice to the poorer class of contributors, unless compensated by the existence of other taxes from which, *as from the present income-tax*, they are altogether exempt." So Senator Sherman in 1870 said that the income-tax of that day was "the most just and equitable tax that is now levied by the United States of America, without an exception," because it was the "only discrimination in our tax-laws that will reach wealthy men as against the poorer classes of people," who still "necessarily pay nine-tenths of all the taxes." This possibility of a balance between the poor and the rich is removed by the new constitutional interpretation.

Should the nation rest satisfied with its now restricted power? I do not think so. I do not think that it is good for the poor man to be overtaxed. I do not think that it is good in the long run for the

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rich man, that the immense majority of the people in this country should have a just grievance against the fortunate holders of accumulated property. It is said that there are no classes in this country, and that class distinctions should never be alluded to. Unfortunately there is a distinction between rich and poor which cannot be wiped out under our present civilization. If individual ownership of accumulated property is a good thing—and I think it is, for if it were abolished, the elements of aspiration and hope would largely be taken out of life—then care should be taken that such property should bear at least its full share of every public burden. It should never be placed for a moment in the wrong.

It is said that there is really a balance struck in this regard by State and local taxation. That is true to a certain extent. Real property there bears a large part of the burden—but it is the real property of rich and poor alike. And personal property still almost wholly escapes. But assume that State taxes are a compensation in times of peace. Where is the compensation for the immense mass of additional taxation, nearly all laid by the Federal Government, in time of war? The volunteer army which marches out to protect all our property is filled up by poor men, or men of moderate means. Are they to bear as well a ninefold share of the expense, in proportion to their means? They are to bear it, unless the Constitution shall in some way be restored to the place where it was supposed to be for the first century of its life.

A way of restoring it has been suggested by the majority as well as by the minority of the court. The Supreme Court has no absolute and final veto upon legislation. It practically exercises, though with immensely greater power, the functions of the British House of Lords as at present recognized. It has a "suspensive veto." It can force an appeal to the people. Its veto cannot be overruled by a mere majority. But if there be a real defect in the Constitution, which the people really want to mend, it will sooner or later be mended by a constitutional amendment. If the practical exemption of wealth from the Federal taxing power is as repugnant to the people of to-day as I believe it would have been surprising to their ancestors of a century ago, then sooner or later the amendment will be made. It may be delayed by the immense influence which accumulated wealth now exercises upon political machines, upon journalism, and upon the other ordinary channels of agitation. But whatever is fair and right is bound to come.

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There is another possible effect of this decision, worthy of grave consideration. I have already mentioned one point of similarity between the Federal Supreme Court and the British House of Lords. There is another. Both can be "packed" if the other branches of the Government wish a decision reversed. For this and other reasons it is of extreme importance that the Constitution should be regarded by the voters of the country as a thing fixed and immutable save by an amendment adopted by themselves,—as a form of government which can indeed expand and adapt itself to new phases of civilization, but which is not subject to alteration according to the varying personality of any single body of men, however august. This is of especial moment as to those constitutional provisions which have a political aspect. Much of the reverence paid to Supreme-Court decisions is due to the fact that, except in the damaging legal-tender cases, that court has, prior to the present year, so consistently followed the doctrine of *stare decisis* when expounding such provisions. The American people have been taught that the Constitution grows, but does not change, except when they themselves openly set to work to change it. The stability of our Government has become the wonder of the world.

It is because of this doctrine of *stare decisis*—standing to decisions—that the Supreme Court, though its membership has continually been replenished from the political world, has itself stood in the public esteem so far above all politics. It is thus that its development of the Constitution has met with respect and acquiescence, and that it has become the recognized bulwark of liberty, and of property, and of local self-government, against transient legislative aggression. Its position, so far apart from party conflict, has been almost unique, like the Speakership of the British House of Commons. Is it now to develop into something more like the Speakership of the American House of Representatives? I believe that that will be its destiny if often, at a time of high feeling and amidst newspaper clamor, it reverses past decisions and abandons principles of constitutional construction inherited from ancient times. Its authority once received a severe shock when it reversed the decision, only a year old, of a divided court. It now, by the casting vote of a single man, reverses two unanimous decisions of many years' standing, and in effect overrules a series of unanimous decisions reaching back for a century. Newspapers print the portraits of the majority with adulation, and of the minority with abuse;

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and proclaim with anthems of praise the great principle that the Constitution is to be interpreted according to the judgment of the majority of the nine living members of the court, unfettered by the errors of their predecessors; that the document whose meaning was once fixed has become a shifting quicksand. I do not question this principle in point of law. It has become consecrated by the decision of the court. To supporters of the income-tax it shows a ray of hope. But is it fortunate that this is the law? I should have felt more confident of the correct answer to that question, were it not for some who have joined in the anthems.

I find it hard to divest myself of a fear that the new principle, if it shall receive any further application, will open a new era for the court. The reasoning which segregates the nine judges of to-day from the nine judges of thirty years ago, which charges the present judges with the responsibility of reviewing the errors of their predecessors, destroys the continuity of the court in the public mind. The same reasoning segregates each individual judge from his eight associates, and properly places his individual portrait at the head of the column which sets forth his individual opinion or records his individual change of mind. But the public is not satisfied with an unlimited veto-power in any individual. If the court establishes the doctrine of change, the people, by adding new justices, can control and direct the movement. They can bring up again this question of the taxability of wealth. That, probably, is inevitable. They can bring up again the national bank, the control of commerce, the legal-tender notes. They can inquire into the constitutionality of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. When some new socialistic law is wanted, they can demand a convenient constitutional power from their packed Supreme Court, as a Congressional majority looks to its Speaker for a convenient parliamentary rule. Will wealth, for the present moment released from a small pecuniary assessment, profit or lose in the end by the new gospel of instability? It may be well for the wealthy reader, laying aside for an hour the newspaper which daily reflects his ideas, to think this question over by himself.

The Supreme Court decision did not turn upon any of the special objections raised to this particular income-tax. Hence a discussion of this tax, as distinguished from the ideal income-tax, is not appropriate here. The exemptions were unusually great, owing to amendments secured from the Senate by associations claiming to be *quasi*-charitable in character. Otherwise it differed from its prede-

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cessors only in details. The lowest income taxed was $4,000, that being assumed to be the upper limit of the incomes unfairly discriminated against by previous tariff and internal-revenue taxation. The limit of the income-tax of 1870 was $2,000. That of the highest grade of the graduated income-tax of 1864, discussed in Judge Springer's case, was $10,000.

The question whether an income-tax can properly be levied in time of peace is one that cannot be decided by a court. Congress is the judge of the necessity, at any given time, for any tax which can be levied at all. Our ancestors made many promises, when they were trying to secure the ratification of the Constitution, as to the rarity with which direct taxation would be imposed. As soon as they began work, however, they admitted that it was a subject as to which policy must be the only guide. Any tax levied may properly be called a war-tax so long as the Treasury is struggling with an immense annual deficit, where, but for pensions to veterans of the civil war, we should have an annual surplus of double the amount.

EDWARD B. WHITNEY.

MR. EDWARD B. WHITNEY, a son of the late Professor William D. Whitney of Yale University, was educated at Yale, and entered the practice of law in New York City, where he rapidly attained distinction, especially as a thorough student of law. Mr. Whitney was for some years active in work for tariff-reform and sound currency. At the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's present administration he was appointed assistant-attorney general, which place he still holds, and in this capacity he made an argument before the Supreme Court in favor of the Income-Tax Act.

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SOCIETY'S PROTECTION AGAINST THE DEGENERATES.

THE fact that literature and art have become more pathological of late years is conceded to-day by every earnest observer. There may, however, be differences in the judgment of individual poets or artists. One, perhaps, will contest the mental confusion and erotomania of Wagner, another the mysticism and Masochism of Ibsen; but every healthy mind must find Nietzsche's ideal of a bloodthirsty "superhuman being" criminal, the lisping and stammering of Maeterlinck's dramatic forms idiotic, the culture of the *Ego* in a Barrès anti-social, and that the teaching of Tolstoï touching the perniciousness of knowledge is inimical to progress.

A young Italian scholar, Guglielmo Ferrero, also known in the United States I believe, has propounded a most ingenious theory. He does not deny that numerous fashionable books and works of art are the productions of Bedlam, but he holds the opinion that the mystical and morbid in art and literature protect society against many abnormal tendencies which otherwise would have developed into action. Ferrero's argument is this:

"In our neurotic, overstrained, intoxicated society, convulsed by painful emotions, an immense number of individuals is subject to abnormal and morbid tendencies. These tendencies usually remaining latent are no interruption to a position in social life; under the influence of excitement or suggestion, however, a development into positive wickedness might readily occur. Happily these books in creating a literary satisfaction prevent such individuals from seeking a further fruition in real life. The book suffices to quiet these latent tendencies, which, like all tendencies of the human mind, demand satisfaction. The suggestion caused by the book is not, however, so powerful as that of example, since it does not lead the normal conduct into dangerous singularities. . . . I do not deny that regarded from an unconditional point of view morbid books can call forth evil results particularly on excitable and readily susceptible minds; but whatever fatal effect a book of this sort may produce on an impressionable brain it will always be less than if the reader had come into personal contact with the warped mental condition from which the book sprang. Hence the book is the best defence against the dangerous psychical epidemics, which, not yet existing as a derivative of literature, while the ages were crude and ignorant, were a powerful cause of social disturbance. Like the antitoxine injected to protect the sick from the bacillus which produces the [redacted]toxine, it is transformed into a remedy against the contagion that proceeds from it. The book is read, and put aside, certain personal tendencies have found their satisfaction in its perusal,

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and society continues its usual existence undisturbed. With the immense, ever-increasing number of neurotic, hysterical, half-crazy and singular beings with whom our contemporary society swarms, great psychical epidemics would, I believe, break out to disturb social life seriously were there not happily always books which divert their abnormal inclinations into literary tendencies. Write then in quietness, ye diseased of literature, Symbolists, pre-Raphaelites, Parnassians, Tolstoïsts, mystics of every sort and school. For while you write morbid books you work to preserve modern society in a state of comparative health."

The argument of Ferrero is enticing, but I question its accuracy. A book may frequently be the derivative prevention of a deed, but only for him who writes, not for him who reads, it. There are surely degenerates who exhaust their obsessions and impulses in their literary and artistic activity. I do not doubt that certain novels and dramas in which the most fearful and bloody deeds are lovingly and explicitly described have preserved their authors from committing murder, nor that the lewd can move and talk only in respectable society because their impulses to libidinous conversation and lascivious acts are satisfied by written expression. This effect is by no means assured or general, however. There are degenerates in plenty who demonstrate an equal aberration in both their writing and conversation. I avoid the temptation to quote living examples. I will rather go back to the past. The Marquis de Sade was the author of his abominable "Justine." Did this hinder him from inaugurating the most fearful orgies in real life to satisfy his mad desire for a mixture of cruelty and voluptuousness? This single illustration should suffice to inspire Ferrero with misgiving as to his theory.

The truth is, one seldom hears of gross crimes in the degenerates of art and literature, not indeed because their activity protects them from the commitment, but because the mental disturbance is not of the sort which leads on to criminal deeds. It is not to be thought that every criminal conception or desire arising in the like abnormal brain can transform itself into action. This happens only when an extraordinarily high grade of intensity is reached, when the inhibitory centres are weakened or wholly disorganized, or, particularly, when the motor spheres become the seat of the disturbance. In all other cases criminal conception and desire remain in the phase of ideation, they do not leave the world of phantasy nor ever attain a realization in the world of facts. If degenerates of this sort are neither artists nor authors, it does not necessarily follow that they become poisoners, or exhume fresh corpses, or handle the knife of "Jack the Ripper." Their frenzied tendencies would possibly prove

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the limitation to populate their solitary broodings with wild and bloody dreams. They would make the persons nearest them anxious by their singular thoughts and phrases. Wider circles would learn nothing of their mental disturbance, a great advantage surely, since these aberrations are not then forced in an augmentation of acts upon the public notice. The artistic and literary activity is, therefore, even for the productive degenerates, only conditionally an outlet for worse manifestations of their mental state. Of the deducible effect of morbid productions on the recipient masses, on the reading and observing public, there can be no question. Here the theory of immunity through inoculation of the poison breaks down completely. It must not be forgotten that immunity is not always synonymous with homœopathy. Not every disease can be prevented, weakened or healed, by its intentional production.

To recommend degenerate books to neurotic or hysterical readers is not only to vaccinate but to inoculate them. There is here certainly a communication of the disease, whereas, according to Ferrero, the method should prove the preservative. An unhealthy imagination finds in the wild lucubrations of the degenerates welcome nourishment and a pattern zealously to be imitated. Every dormant inclination is awakened and monstrously developed by this sort of reading. Far from causing a satisfaction of these morbid tendencies that shall no longer seek perpetuation in deeds, such reading only strengthens what becomes an imperative necessity to commit crime and immorality. Every educator, criminologist, and neuropathic physician, everyone who has carefully followed the etiology of aberration will agree with me. I could cite dozens of cases from the criminal records of the past few years where thieves, house-breakers, and murderers indicated that the primal conception of their misdeeds arose from the perusal of sensational novels in which malefactors were exalted and their heroic deeds expatiated upon with enthusiasm. I do not assert that these individuals were made criminals by what they read. Their natures were perverse by birth and education. The propensity to crime was organic. But who can say that the perusal of immoral books was not the direct cause which governed their latent instincts, producing a well-defined aim? Indeed, the malefactors themselves believed this to be so. At all events the action in their case can scarcely be regarded as checked by the perusal, since, in spite of that fact, perhaps indeed because of it, they developed into criminals.

Another illustration: how often has one not observed the effect

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of reading "Robinson Crusoe," or Indian tales, to vivacious nervous boys, who, as the result, run away from home to discover a desert island, or to occupy themselves in hunting scalps? Such children have manifestly imaginations abnormally developed. Their inclinations are adventuresome. Instead of quieting and exhausting them the reading has so vividly excited the children that they are compelled by an irresistible impulse to take to the war-path.

Could I but relate the moral devastations traceable to the reading of Nietzsche and Ibsen which I have seen in actual life! It is the self-same influence which, in the last century, was produced by Goethe's "Werther." For it is a well-known fact that as the result of reading this romance numerous young fools put a bullet through their heads. Those who considered the book responsible for the suicidal epidemic were answered: "The case of those young men is hardly worthy of commiseration, since they destroyed themselves after reading 'Werther.' They were irresponsible and useless. Their case was hopeless long before the first word of 'Werther' was written." That may be. Certainly no well-balanced man would shoot himself as the consequence of reading "Werther." It is, however, equally certain that many an exalted fool, many a young neurotic, did destroy himself in a state of momentary depression, as an act suggested by "Werther," who otherwise might very possibly have continued in long years of wholesome usefulness if that book had not come into his hands.

It should be remembered that every human mind contains every species of aberration and delirium in the germ. In frenzy, even when most violently developed, nothing new is present to the accustomed domain of thought. Only a change of proportion and relation occur. The normal equilibrium between the various nerve-centres is suspended. One faculty, for instance motor-impulse, is strengthened; the other, such as memory or inhibition, becomes weakened. According to this, then, insanity is an augmentation of one cerebral function, or the diminution of another. It contains, however, no element that could not be demonstrated as present in the most normal brain. How, then, in spite of this, do we retain a healthy mental state? For two reasons only. We do not cultivate the germs of aberration and delirium contained in our brains, and should they develop without our attention, we retain the will as well as the power to suppress them. Fail to regard these two reasons, cultivate the germs of insanity and perversion in the human mind, weaken the will

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and the power to suppress them, with the result that a race of madmen will speedily develop, who would perhaps have remained quite healthy had their morbid tendencies not been encouraged. The immense influence of the literature of fiction on the masses is not, perhaps, given its due weight. I beg to repeat concisely here the substance of what I said on this point in an earlier work, "Paradoxes." Fiction exercises a powerful and an unremitting, suggestive influence which subjugates the whole mental personality, manner of thought and action of the reader.

Consider the condition of existence governing the average mass of people. The life of the individual is passed amid the narrowest of circumstances. He knows no one with intimacy beyond his immediate family circle. He may never have had the opportunity to draw close to the inner consciousness of another human soul. His own experience gives him no insight into the supreme passions and emotions, the disturbances and dissensions of humanity. Thrown back on his personal cognizance he could scarcely conjecture the existence of a world outside the kitchen, the shop, the market, or, at any rate, the church and the town-hall. But he reads novels. He goes to the theatre and sees characters that have found no place in his environment. He observes strange situations of which he is ignorant, and learns how the characters of a poet's imagination are made to think and feel and behave in these conditions. The laws of psychology make it inevitable that the individual, unable to control or correct by personal experience the positive affirmations and communications of the poet, whom he believes without reservation, draws his own conception of life from these works, and models himself after these characters, assimulating their judgments, likes and dislikes.

Like other conditions the suggestive potentiality of the theatre, as of romances, exerts a stronger influence upon the inferior mental development than can be the case where the mind is normal and independent; hence the readily attained influence over commonplace natures—the young, women, the hysterical, and those who are mentally weakened or nervous. And the greater the flattery to already existing tendencies the more readily is the suggestion received. Thus may be explained the unhappy effect of degenerate literature on the general public, especially, however, on the weak, the hysterical, the abnormal. They possess already the germs of all mental aberration. Education has endeavored to suppress these germs. From the school, home and church, public opinion has preached the creed of self-

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restraint that it is despicable and criminal to give way to evil instincts. Self-control is extraordinarily exerted to enforce the power of their inhibition, when it is presented that an indulgence in low impulses will result in a common disapprobation. And now books fall into the hands of these beings teaching doctrines exactly contradictory to the principles inculcated with the greatest difficulty by all previous education: exercise no control over yourself! follow your instincts! make no effort to subject yourself to self-government!

It is easily intelligible that abnormal, or even average, persons hail such books with joy, and permit them an unrestrained influence. Not without difficulty is the effort made to concentrate the attention and to keep the mind from wandering. Such effort has been made, however, and the best authorities affirm that the power of concentration is a proof of mental vigor, as well as a condition of success in life, while the lack of it is a symptom of imbecility. But here comes a poet who declares the noblest form of occupation to be mere empty dreaming, objectless aberration of the mind, capricious and foolish notions, association according to the similarity of sounding words; who derides as Philistine the most rigorously logical thought, and who presents a half-sleeping maudlin creature as possessing the nature of some higher inspiration.

Take an hysterical woman controlled by her lower nature, experiencing not without pain the constraints of duty; those whom she esteems and trusts have taught her the creed of modesty and resistance to temptation, lest, yielding to impulse, she lose sobriety and her own esteem. She now makes the acquaintance of a dramatist and novelist, who demonstrates that as a girl a woman has the privileges to yield to her erotic impulses and when married to break her vows, presupposing she feel the inclination and pleasure; and that such behavior, under these inclinations, portrays a strong and interesting character; while, on the other hand, she shows herself stupid, unprogressive and slavish if she denies herself all this. With what joy will she not profess herself a disciple of this charming moralist!

It is superfluous to continue these examples. It is a truism that the tempter is more agreeable than he who preaches duty, and that he becomes yet more irresistible when he can also present the prestige of intellectual superiority and the admiration of the intellectual world.

It is, therefore, plain that the average person is greatly attracted to morbid literature and art by the evil suggestion and abnormal condition it increases, for it weakens inhibition, teaching lack of justifi-

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cation and non-resistance. Degenerate poets and artists have thrown a light upon certain evil instincts which heretofore have been only confusedly felt and indistinctly understood, but which now assume determined outlines. They even exercise a baneful influence on those who, having nothing more to learn from these masters and leaders, are perfectly aware of their own degradation; the injury lies in the encouragement to throw off the mask of respectability, to make open confession of the aberration which finds expression in morbid productions. The significance of such influence should not be undervalued. I certainly do not defend or exalt hypocrisy. Nevertheless it is a shade better than cynicism. However low and weak, it is a last barrier against the worst degradation. It is somewhat more than unwilling conformation to mere external observation, for it has a slight therapeutic effect upon the character, and may benefit or assist a cure in the long run. A vicious being who must assume the semblance of virtuous conduct makes an effort of will to self-control: this is pure gain, since volition strengthens, like the muscles, by exercise. The reactionary effect of pose on the mind is recognized and even used by profound psychologists as a means of education. Confucius instructs his followers to cultivate modesty, servility, and respectfulness of manner and deportment, as the soul will gradually assimilate these characteristics. To engender devotion, fervency and perhaps ecstasy the younger members of the Jesuits are taught with prescribed exactitude how to conduct themselves, to kneel, to fold their hands, to stretch out their arms, to shut and to open their eyes. The value of mere pose is, therefore, not to be questioned: deterioration of mental and social conduct is much more rapid under unrestricted expression than when a vice must be concealed or only yielded to in secrecy.

Degenerative art and literature are from beginning to end but the rehabilitation of all that civilization up to this time has stamped as injurious and vicious. It is the glorification of what heretofore has been considered only shameful. Brutal egotism was formerly a vice whose dominating influence was carefully concealed. Now, however, it is known as Nietzscheism, and is regarded as a boastful mental distinction. Formerly a woman who maintained some irregular relationship shunned the light of day, assuming at least the pretension of honesty; now, however, she is proud of the distinction, is called an Ibsenite, while her unscrupulousness places her among the *élite*. The result is doubly injurious. It liberates the vicious from the necessity of

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assuming a virtue and deprives them of the slight benefit of this mental gymnastic, while the slaves of fashion are taught to imitate the attitude of the depraved, which, in its reflex action on the mind, helps to inculcate a vice that originally they may not have possessed.

He who surveys the harm accomplished by morbid art and literature,—its evil suggestion to harmless readers, the germ of aberration cultivated in abnormal readers, the cognizance of undefined instincts generating madness and wickedness; the power and desire for self-control weakened, cynicism assuming the place of hardly-won reserve, the attitude of viciousness or madness become the fashion for stupid and hitherto harmless snobs,—will surely encourage any counteracting influence on these productions. The question is only this: How shall it be accomplished?

Two observations will apply here. Experience has heretofore pronounced cure of the degenerates, more particularly in the worst forms, impossible. There is no object in trying to work upon them. Condemned by the fatality of their organic construction, they cannot be rescued from the curse which biological law in avenging the sins of the fathers upon the children,—often enough the most innocent misfortunes—has laid upon them. Nor do we need to disquiet ourselves concerning the ultimate destiny of humanity, for I doubt not that the present epidemic of degeneracy and hysteria will end at a given time, humanity either forming some adaptation to the new conditions of existence or subordinating these conditions to the power of its organic control. I have faith in the power of human-kind to self-cure, since I am convinced that its vitality is not yet exhausted. But it must not be prematurely concluded, therefore, that nothing remains to be accomplished; or that the matter may be left to itself. With this logic we should say at every epidemic of cholera or yellow fever, "Why make any effort? Wherefore employ physicians or take hygienic measures? Experience teaches that with time the epidemic will stop of itself." Very good. But the question remains, After what devastations? And the same experience teaches that proper measures sensibly decrease the number of victims.

The degenerates, as well as their imitators, open admirers and such as profess the ideas of this class, are, I fear, quite inaccessible to healing influences. One has to do battle here with self-love. There may be some inner consciousness of going wrong, but no public acknowledgment of it. The defensive is assumed so soon as opposition proves their way false, and anger breathes forth, "Who are

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you to instruct us? You cannot assume the right against us. We will rather fight it out, and see who is the better man. Come on!" Such a battle naturally cannot settle the disputed point. And the closer are pressed the champions of degeneracy the more obstinately and tenaciously do they hold to their tendency. There is even an intentional exaggeration of aberration as an evidence that their opponent has not won the victory. They increase their mysticism to drivelling ecstasies, their obscenity to satyriasis, their mania of the Ego to self-exaltation, their incoherence to the extremity of aimlessness, their singularities to raving. "I have gone astray but will now turn back," is an honest confession hardly to be anticipated from them. For this presupposes a *bona-fide* estimation of truth not to be expected of them. On the contrary, it is not unreasonable to hope that the devastations of degenerate tendencies on the degenerates themselves as well as on their professed disciples of to-day may be limited, and that the younger generation having not yet assumed a position, can be preserved from them. To this end it is absolutely essential to investigate the method that degenerative art and literature take to win over minds which are neither degenerate nor hysterical. They may be won in two ways; *i.e.*, by connecting association, or appearance, and by the apparent success that they have achieved.

Degenerates and their heralds maintain that they represent youth, progress, the future and general development. These are magic words, and unless one is warned there will be no resistance. Further, they affirm that superior minds and refined nervous systems alone can sit in worthy judgment of their works, the infallible "test" by which the reader's degree of nobility is to be measured. By such claims their immense popularity has been won with the ignorant, the thoughtless, the snobs, and the slaves of fashion. The fact can no longer be disregarded that the universal curiosity is not busied with sound works of modest beauty but with morbid and extravagant productions; the livelier, the more disgusting, the more criminal and the more senseless, the more popular they are. The prize which an honest and meritorious artist does not win perhaps with his whole life's work, is given to some genuine fool or Brutus of art, whose madness is evident on his first appearance. Notoriety is confounded by vain and superficial natures with actual inner satisfaction. And as notoriety is the great exclusive aim of artists and writers innumerable, it is natural for them to take the road observation points out as con-

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ducting with the greatest degree of ease and rapidity to the goal—the productions of provocative madness.

Consider the state of a young man's soul who makes his first entrance into the world of art and literature to-day. The more talented, generous, vivacious and brilliant he is, the more probable that he will hail the degenerate tendency with enthusiasm. He dislikes stagnation and retrogression. He despises all that is old and worm-eaten. He thirsts for progression and freedom. Restraint and the routine of a plain life he rebels against. He refuses to fraternize with the big-bellied, prosaic Philistine. He perceives that he belongs to the finer, higher idealists, to the intellectual aristocracy. He asks, "On what side shall I find what I desire?" And the voices call to him to-day, "The Future is Symbolism and Mysticism. Progress and Liberty are called after Ibsen and Nietzsche. Idealism and intellectual aristocracy are called after pre-Raphaelitism, Wagner, Maeterlinck, Swinburne. The place of progressive youth is at the side of these spirits. Here is the aurora. Everywhere else it is night. Everywhere else one finds only the indifference of the small shop-keeper." There is magic in these words to lead astray a youth who is without judgment and the unassailable originality of mind peculiar to genius. And were he to remain indifferent one could almost pity him! That the morbid tendencies in art and literature may be divested of their power to attract the rising generation, they must be freed from their alluring associations, and it must be plainly demonstrated that they attribute to themselves certain characteristics which they never had.

Whatever the work of the degenerates may be, new it certainly is not. Nor have they a right to set themselves up as the representative of youth in antithesis to the creations of healthy minds who embody the past. In their works nothing is fresh, progressive or free. None points to the future. All lead back to a more or less distinct past. The final acquisition of human mental development, the capacity for attention and concentration, have been relinquished by these mystics who would conduct one back to the speculative and superstitious dreamers of the Middle Ages. The pre-Raphaelites find a date in their own name, a date not lying in the future but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The music of Wagner demonstrates a backward tendency to the commencement of art when there were no sharply defined melodies, and when musical emotion found expression only in vague and indistinct melopœia. The so-called

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revolt of an Ibsen is not a longing for freedom, but the caprice of hysterical beings who are themselves uncertain what they desire; his creative forms do not rebel against the tyranny of law and rotten tradition, but against the profoundest instincts of nature, love, altruism, the ties of blood, and the salutary restraint of sound human intelligence.

The pretended individuality of a Nietzsche is not the deliverance of the personality of humanity, but the exaltation of the rudest strength, contempt of justice, vindication of every cruelty, licentiousness and crime. The young must be made to see this. The work of the degenerates must be associated in their minds with the sentiments really contained in them, with disease, old age, madness, retrogression, intellectual and moral bondage, even the forfeiture of civilization itself.

It is necessary to eliminate still another supposition cleverly created by the degenerates; *i.e.*, the erroneous principle that they are idealists, and the aristocrats of intellect, and that the worthy comprehension of them is the attribute and test of a superior and finer organization. Not a word of this is true. They have no ideal beyond the satisfaction of their vanity and the material comforts of life; an ideal of no greater import than is the life-long striving of a small shop-keeper. Let young people of sound good sense be encouraged to believe in their own impressions, and not be led astray by the doctrine that in order to escape being classed as Philistines they must admire what appears idiotic and ridiculous to them.

But to influence uncontaminated youth with any prospect of result heavy treatises must not be employed. A book costs much money and more time. In the best possible case it will be read only by the *élite*, and its influence, I fear, will not penetrate far. Here the newspapers and magazines have an extremely important duty to fulfil. They have much to make good, for they have greatly sinned. The newspapers, professing progression, have given immense notoriety to morbid productions. Public opinion has been given to understand that degeneracy in art and literature is synonymous with the greatest advance. Their duty is to spread healthier views. They should cease occupying themselves more with one fool than with ten sensible artists, and they should not stamp all madness with the seal of success. Here in Paris I see how it is done. Time and again I have observed journalists come to describe the most remarkable things that are to be discovered here, in the interests of some American newspaper. Generally they bring a list of the people whom they are to interview. On these lists I have never seen figure the splendid Mercié,

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the wonderful Roll, the proud Sully-Prudhomme, the excellent Rosny, but on the contrary, invariably the names of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Barrès, Rodin, Sar Péladan. "Why do you neglect magnificent and noble talents to occupy yourselves with lunatics and madmen?" I ask, and always comes the answer, "Because they are the latest production of modernity, in fact, they are the fashion."

On the day when newspapers no longer consider it a duty to advertise the cripples and clowns of art and literature, the influence of degenerate productions will be greatly arrested. The masses will not then be penetrated by their peculiar characteristics. A few hundred fools, borderlanders, and hysterical individuals will continue to occupy themselves with the books and works of art of this class, but the millions will withdraw their interest. The average reader holds a Mallarmé, a Nietzsche, an Ibsen, for great men because his paper has provided him such assurance; shaking his head doubtfully indeed at first, he has at length been overpersuaded. A load will be taken from his heart when his paper no longer persuades him to admire such men as "the last scream" of fashion. Naturally I presuppose that the newspapers and magazines have not fallen into the hands of degenerates and their following. Generally speaking I believe the supposition to be correct. Newspapers do not believe in the Mystics, Symbolists, and the like, to whom so much space is devoted. Rather they give them so much space for the entertainment they afford.

Let us hope for a cessation when once the deeply disorganizing influence produced by this entertainment on the public mind and taste has been comprehended. To leave degenerates and the hysterical to themselves, to tell the masses nothing of their insanity, or else strip them of their prestige of progress, genius, and acute modernity, appears to me the most promising method by which society is to defend itself against degenerative suggestions.

MAX NORDAU.

DR. MAX SIMON NORDAU was born at Budapest on July 29, 1849, and is of Hebrew extraction. He studied medicine in his native city, travelled extensively after he had obtained his degree in 1873, and began in 1880 to practise medicine in Paris, where he still resides. Of his many books two, besides "Degeneration," have won a wide reputation; "Conventional Lies of Society," suppressed in Austria and Russia ever since its first appearance, and "Paradoxes." The English translation of "Degeneration," published in this country a few months ago, has provoked more discussion than any recent book on a similar subject. See Dr. Charles L. Dana's review of it in THE FORUM for June.

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THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Our national history has its own great and spreading pattern, which can be seen in its full form and completeness only when the stuff of our national life is laid before us in broad surfaces and upon an ample scale. But the detail of the pattern, the individual threads of the great fabric, are to be found only in local history. There is all the intricate weaving, all the delicate shading, all the nice refinement of the pattern,—gold thread mixed with fustian, fine thread laid upon coarse, shade combined with shade. Assuredly it is this that gives to local history its life and importance. The idea, moreover, furnishes a nice criterion of interest. The life of some localities is, obviously, more completely and intimately a part of the national pattern than the life of other localities, which are more separate and, as it were, put upon the border of the fabric. To come at once and very candidly to examples, the local history of the Middle States,—New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania,—is much more structurally a part of the characteristic life of the nation as a whole than is the history of New England communities or of the several States and regions of the South. I know that such a heresy will sound very rank in the ears of some: for I am speaking against accepted doctrine. But belief, be it never so general, does not make a doctrine true.

Our national history has been written for the most part by New England men,—all honor to them! Their scholarship and their characters alike have given them an honorable enrolment amongst the great names of our literary history; and no just man would say aught to detract, were it never so little, from their well-earned fame. They have written our history, nevertheless, from but a single point of view. From where they sit, the whole of the great development looks like an Expansion of New England. Other elements but play along the sides of the great process by which the Puritan has worked out the development of nation and polity. It is he who has gone out and possessed the land; the man of destiny, the type and impersonation of a chosen people. To the Southern writer, too, the story looks

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much the same, if it be but followed to its culmination,—to its final storm and stress and tragedy in the great war. It is the history of the Suppression of the South. Spite of all her splendid contributions to the steadfast accomplishment of the great task of building the nation; spite of the long leadership of her statesmen in the national counsels; spite of her joint achievements in the conquest and occupation of the West, the South was at last turned upon on every hand, rebuked, proscribed, defeated. The history of the United States, we have learned, was, from the settlement at Jamestown to the surrender at Appomattox, a long-drawn contest for mastery between New England and the South,—and the end of the contest we know. All along the parallels of latitude ran the rivalry, in those heroical days of toil and adventure during which population crossed the continent, like an army advancing its encampments. Up and down the great river of the continent, too, and beyond, up the slow incline of the vast steppes that lift themselves toward the crowning towers of the Rockies,—beyond that, again, in the gold-fields and upon the green plains of California, the race for ascendency struggled on,—till at length there was a final coming face to face, and the masterful folk who had come from the loins of New England won their consummate victory.

It is a very dramatic form for the story. One almost wishes it were true. How fine a unity it would give our epic! But perhaps, after all, the real truth is more interesting. The life of the nation cannot be reduced to these so simple terms. These two great forces, of the North and of the South, unquestionably existed,—were unquestionably projected in their operation out upon the great plane of the continent, there to combine or repel, as circumstances might determine. But the people that went out from the North were not an unmixed people; they came from the great Middle States as well as from New England. Their transplantation into the West was no more a reproduction of New England or New York or Pennsylvania or New Jersey than Massachusetts was a reproduction of old England, or New Netherland a reproduction of Holland. The Southern people, too, whom they met by the western rivers and upon the open prairies, were transformed, as they themselves were, by the rough fortunes of the frontier. A mixture of peoples, a modification of mind and habit, a new round of experiment and adjustment amidst the novel life of the baked and untilled plain, and the far valleys with the virgin forests still thick upon them: a new temper, a new

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spirit of adventure, a new impatience of restraint, a new license of life,—these are the characteristic notes and measures of the time when the nation spread itself at large upon the continent, and was transformed from a group of colonies into a family of States.

The passes of these eastern mountains were the arteries of the nation's life. The real breath of our growth and manhood came into our nostrils when first, like Governor Spotswood and that gallant company of Virginian gentlemen that rode with him in the far year 1716, the Knights of the Order of the Golden Horseshoe, our pioneers stood upon the ridges of the eastern hills and looked down upon those reaches of the continent where lay the untrodden paths of the westward migration. There, upon the courses of the distant rivers that gleamed before them in the sun, down the farther slopes of the hills beyond, out upon the broad fields that lay upon the fertile banks of the "Father of Waters," up the long tilt of the continent to the vast hills that looked out upon the Pacific—there were the regions in which, joining with people from every race and clime under the sun, they were to make the great compounded nation whose liberty and mighty works of peace were to cause all the world to stand at gaze. Thither were to come Frenchmen, Scandinavians, Celts, Dutch, Slavs,—men of the Latin races and of the races of the Orient, as well as men, a great host, of the first stock of the settlements: English, Scots, Scots-Irish,—like New England men, but touched with the salt of humor, hard, and yet neighborly too. For this great process of growth by grafting, of modification no less than of expansion, the colonies,—the original thirteen States,—were only preliminary studies and first experiments. But the experiments that most resembled the great methods by which we peopled the continent from end to end and knit a single polity across all its length and breadth, were surely the experiments made from the very first in the Middle States of our Atlantic seaboard.

Here from the first were mixture of population, variety of element, combination of type, as if of the nation itself in small. Here was never a simple body, a people of but a single blood and extraction, a polity and a practice brought straight from one motherland. The life of these States was from the beginning like the life of the country: they have always shown the national pattern. In New England and the South it was very different. There some of the great elements of the national life were long in preparation: but separately and with an individual distinction; without mixture,—

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for long almost without movement. That the elements thus separately prepared were of the greatest importance, and run everywhere like the chief threads of the pattern through all our subsequent life, who can doubt? They give color and tone to every part of the figure. The very fact that they are so distinct and separately evident throughout, the very emphasis of individuality they carry with them, but proves their distinct origin. The other elements of our life, various though they be, and of the very fibre, giving toughness and consistency to the fabric, are merged in its texture, united, confused, almost indistinguishable, so thoroughly are they mixed, intertwined, interwoven, like the essential strands of the stuff itself: but these of the Puritan and the Southerner, though they run everywhere with the rest and seem upon a superficial view themselves the body of the cloth, in fact modify rather than make it.

What in fact has been the course of American history? How is it to be distinguished from European history? What features has it of its own, which give it its distinctive plan and movement? We have suffered, it is to be feared, a very serious limitation of view until recent years by having all our history written in the East. It has smacked strongly of a local flavor. It has concerned itself too exclusively with the origins and Old-World derivations of our story. Our historians have made their march from the sea with their heads over shoulder, their gaze always backward upon the landing places and homes of the first settlers. In spite of the steady immigration, with its persistent tide of foreign blood, they have chosen to speak often and to think always of our people as sprung after all from a common stock, bearing a family likeness in every branch, and following all the while old, familiar, family ways. The view is the more misleading because it is so large a part of the truth without being all of it. The common British stock did first make the country, and has always set the pace. There were common institutions up and down the coast; and these had formed and hardened for a persistent growth before the great westward migration began which was to reshape and modify every element of our life. The national government itself was set up and made strong by success while yet we lingered for the most part upon the eastern coast and feared a too distant frontier.

But, the beginnings once safely made, change set in apace. Not only so: there had been slow change from the first. We have no frontier now, we are told,—except a broken fragment, it may be,

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here and there in some barren corner of the western lands, where some inhospitable mountain still shoulders us out, or where men are still lacking to break the baked surface of the plains, and occupy them in the very teeth of hostile nature. But at first it was all frontier,—a mere strip of settlements stretched precariously upon the sea-edge of the wilds: an untouched continent in front of them, and behind them an unfrequented sea that almost never showed so much as the momentary gleam of a sail. Every step in the slow process of settlement was but a step of the same kind as the first, an advance to a new frontier like the old. For long we lacked, it is true, that new breed of frontiersmen born in after years beyond the mountains. Those first frontiersmen had still a touch of the timidity of the Old World in their blood: they lacked the frontier heart. They were "Pilgrims" in very fact,—exiled, not at home. Fine courage they had: and a steadfastness in their bold design which it does a faint-hearted age good to look back upon. There was no thought of drawing back. Steadily, almost calmly, they extended their seats. They built homes, and deemed it certain their children would live there after them. But they did not love the rough, uneasy life for its own sake. How long did they keep, if they could, within sight of the sea! The wilderness was their refuge; but how long before it became their joy and hope! Here was their destiny cast; but their hearts lingered and held back. It was only as generations passed and the work widened about them that their thought also changed, and a new thrill sped along their blood. Their life had been new and strange from their first landing in the wilderness. Their houses, their food, their clothing, their neighborhood dealings were all such as only the frontier brings. Insensibly they were themselves changed. The strange life became familiar; their adjustment to it was at length unconscious and without effort; they had no plans that were not inseparably a part and a product of it. But, until they had turned their backs once for all upon the sea; until they saw their western borders cleared of the French; until the mountain passes had grown familiar, and the lands beyond the central and constant theme of their hope, the goal and dream of their young men, they did not become an American people.

When they did, the great determining movement of our history began. The very visages of the people changed. That alert movement of the eye, that openness to every thought of enterprise or adventure, that nomadic habit which knows no fixed home and has

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plans ready to be carried any whither,—all the marks of the authentic type of the "American" as we know him came into our life. The crack of the whip and the song of the teamster, the heaving chorus of boatmen poling their heavy rafts upon the rivers, the laughter of the camp, the sound of bodies of men in the still forests, became the characteristic notes in our air. A roughened race, embrowned in the sun, hardened in manner by a coarse life of change and danger, loving the rude woods and the crack of the rifle, living to begin something new every day, striking with the broad and open hand, delicate in nothing but the touch of the trigger, leaving cities in its track as if by accident rather than design, settling again to the steady ways of a fixed life only when it must: such was the American people whose achievement it was to be to take possession of their continent from end to end ere their national government was a single century old. The picture is a very singular one! Settled life and wild side by side: civilization frayed at the edges,—taken forward in rough and ready fashion, with a song and a swagger,—not by statesmen, but by woodsmen and drovers, with axes and whips and rifles in their hands, clad in buckskin, like huntsmen.

It has been said that we have here repeated some of the first processes of history: that the life and methods of our frontiersmen take us back to the fortunes and hopes of the men who crossed Europe when her forests, too, were still thick upon her. But the difference is really very fundamental, and much more worthy of remark than the likeness. Those shadowy masses of men we see moving upon the face of the earth in those far away, questionable days when states were forming: even those stalwart figures we see so well as they emerge from the deep forests of Germany, to displace the Roman in all his western provinces and set up the states we know and marvel upon at this day, show us men working their new work at their own level. They do not turn back a long cycle of years from the old and settled states, the ordered cities, the tilled fields, and the elaborated governments of an ancient civilization, to begin as it were once more at the beginning. They carry alike their homes and their states with them in the camp and upon the ordered march of the host. They are men of the forest, or else men hardened always to take the sea in open boats. They live no more roughly in the new lands than in the old. The world has been frontier for them from the first. They may go forward with their life in these new seats from where they left off in the old. How different the circumstances of our first set-

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tlement and the building of new states on this side the sea! Englishmen, bred in law and ordered government ever since the Norman lawyers were followed a long five hundred years ago across the narrow seas by those masterful administrators of the strong Plantagenet race, leave an ancient realm and come into a wilderness where states have never been; leave a land of art and letters, which saw but yesterday "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," where Shakespeare still lives in the gracious leisure of his closing days at Stratford in the north, where cities teem with trade and men go bravely dight in cloth of gold, and turn back six centuries,—nay, a thousand years and more,—to the first work of building states in a wilderness! They bring the steadied habits and sobered thoughts of an ancient realm into the wild air of an untouched continent. The weary stretches of a vast sea lie, like a full thousand years of time, between them and the life in which till now all their thought was bred. Here they stand, as it were, with all their tools left behind, centuries struck out of their reckoning, driven back upon the long dormant instincts and forgotten craft of their race, not used this long age. Look how singular a thing: the work of a primitive race, the thought of a civilized! Hence the strange, almost grotesque groupings of thought and affairs in that first day of our history. Subtile politicians speak the phrases and practise the arts of intricate diplomacy from council chambers placed within log huts within a clearing. Men in ruffs and lace and polished shoe-buckles thread the lonely glades of primeval forests. The microscopical distinctions of the schools, the thin notes of a metaphysical theology are woven in and out through the labyrinths of grave sermons that run hours long upon the still air of the wilderness. Belief in these dim refinements of dogma is made the test for man or woman who seeks admission to a company of pioneers. When went there by an age since the great flood when so singular a thing was seen as this: thousands of civilized men suddenly rusticated and bade do the work of primitive peoples,—Europe *frontiered!*

Of course there was a deep change wrought, if not in these men, at any rate in their children; and every generation saw the change deepen. It must seem to every thoughtful man a notable thing how, while the change was wrought, the simples of things complex were revealed in the clear air of the New World: how all accidentals seemed to fall away from the structure of government, and the simple first principles were laid bare that abide always; how social distinctions were stripped off, shown to be the mere cloaks and masks

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they were, and every man brought once again to a clear realization of his actual relations to his fellows! It was as if trained and sophisticated men had been rid of a sudden of their sophistication and of all the theory of their life and left with nothing but their discipline of faculty, a schooled and sobered instinct. And the fact that we kept always, for close upon three hundred years, a like element in our life, a frontier people always in our van, is, so far, the central and determining fact of our national history. "East" and "West," an ever-changing line, but an unvarying experience and a constant leaven of change working always within the body of our folk. Our political, our economic, our social life has felt this potent influence from the wild border all our history through. The "West" is the great word of our history. The "Westerner" has been the type and master of our American life. Now at length, as I have said, we have lost our frontier: our front lies almost unbroken along all the great coast line of the western sea. The Westerner, in some day soon to come, will pass out of our life, as he so long ago passed out of the life of the Old World. Then a new epoch will open for us. Perhaps it has opened already. Slowly we shall grow old, compact our people, study the delicate adjustments of an intricate society, and ponder the niceties, as we have hitherto pondered the bulks and structural framework, of government. Have we not, indeed, already come to these things? But the past we know. We can "see it steady and see it whole"; and its central movement and motive are gross and obvious to the eye.

Till the first century of the Constitution is rounded out we stand, all the while, in the presence of that stupendous westward movement which has filled the continent: so vast, so various, at times so tragical, so swept by passion. Through all the long time there has been a line of rude settlements along our front wherein the same tests of power and of institutions were still being made that were made first upon the sloping banks of the rivers of old Virginia and within the long sweep of the Bay of Massachusetts. The new life of the West has reacted all the while,—who shall say how powerfully,—upon the older life of the East; and yet the East has moulded the West as if she sent forward to it through every decade of the long process the chosen impulses and suggestions of history. The West has taken strength, thought, training, selected aptitudes out of the old treasures of the East,—as if out of a new Orient; while the East has itself been kept fresh, vital, alert, originative by the West, her blood

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quickened all the while, her youth through every age renewed. Who can say in a word, in a sentence, in a volume, what destinies have been variously wrought, with what new examples of growth and energy, while, upon this unexampled scale, community has passed beyond community across the vast reaches of this great continent!

The great process is the more significant because it has been distinctively a national process. Until the Union was formed and we had consciously set out upon a separate national career, we moved but timidly across the nearer hills. Our most remote settlements lay upon the rivers and in the open glades of Tennessee and Kentucky. It was in the years that immediately succeeded the war of 1812 that the movement into the West began to be a mighty migration. Till then our eyes had been more often in the East than in the West. Not only were foreign questions to be settled and our standing among the nations to be made good, but we still remained acutely conscious and deliberately conservative of our Old-World connections. For all we were so new a people and lived so simple and separate a life, we had still the sobriety and the circumspect fashions of action that belong to an old society. We were, in government and manners, but a disconnected part of the world beyond the seas. Its thought and habit still set us our standards of speech and action. And this, not because of imitation, but because of actual and long-abiding political and social connection with the mother country. Our statesmen,—strike but the names of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry from the list, together with all like untutored spirits, who stood for the new, unreverencing ardor of a young democracy,—our statesmen were such men as might have taken their places in the House of Commons or in the Cabinet at home as naturally and with as easy an adjustment to their place and task as in the Continental Congress or in the immortal Constitutional Convention. Think of the stately ways and the grand air and the authoritative social understandings of the generation that set the new government afoot,—the generation of Washington and John Adams. Think, too, of the conservative tradition that guided all the early history of that government: that early line of gentlemen Presidents: that steady "cabinet succession to the Presidency" which came at length to seem almost like an oligarchy to the impatient men who were shut out from it. The line ended, with a sort of chill, in stiff John Quincy Adams, too cold a man to be a people's prince after the old order of Presidents; and the year 1829, which saw Jackson come in, saw the old order go out.

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The date is significant. Since the war of 1812, undertaken as if to set us free to move westward, seven States had been admitted to the Union: and the whole number of States was advanced to twenty-four. Eleven new States had come into partnership with the old thirteen. The voice of the West rang through all our counsels; and, in Jackson, the new partners took possession of the Government. It is worth while to remember how men stood amazed at the change: how startled, chagrined, dismayed the conservative States of the East were at the revolution they saw effected, the riot of change they saw set in; and no man who has once read the singular story can forget how the eight years Jackson reigned saw the Government, and politics themselves, transformed. For long,—the story being written in the regions where the shock and surprise of the change was greatest,—the period of this momentous revolution was spoken of amongst us as a period of degeneration, the birth-time of a deep and permanent demoralization in our politics. But we see it differently now. Whether we have any taste or stomach for that rough age or not, however much we may wish that the old order might have stood, the generation of Madison and Adams prolonged, and the good tradition of the early days handed on unbroken and unsullied, we now know that what the nation underwent in that day of change was not degeneration, great and perilous as were the errors of the time, but regeneration. The old order was changed, once and for all. A new nation stepped, with a touch of swagger, upon the stage,—a nation which had broken alike with the traditions and with the wisely wrought experience of the Old World, and which, with all the haste and rashness of youth, was minded to work out a separate policy and destiny of its own. It was a day of hazards, but there was nothing sinister at heart of the new plan. It was a wasteful experiment, to fling out, without wise guides, upon untried ways; but an abounding continent afforded enough and to spare even for the wasteful. It was sure to be so with a nation that came out of the secluded vales of a virgin continent. It was the bold frontier voice of the West sounding in affairs. The timid shivered, but the robust waxed strong and rejoiced, in the tonic air of the new day.

It was then we swung out into the main paths of our history. The new voices that called us were first silvery, like the voice of Henry Clay, and spoke old familiar words of eloquence. The first spokesmen of the West even tried to con the classics, and spoke incongruously in the phrases of politics long dead and gone to dust, as

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Benton did. But presently the tone changed, and it was the truculent and masterful accents of the real frontiersman that rang dominant above the rest, harsh, impatient, and with an evident dash of temper. The East slowly accustomed itself to the change; caught the movement, though it grumbled and even trembled at the pace; and managed most of the time to keep in the running. But it was always henceforth to be the West that set the pace. There is no mistaking the questions that have ruled our spirits as a nation during the present century. The public land question, the tariff question, and the question of slavery,—these dominate from first to last. It was the West that made each one of these the question that it was. Without the free lands to which every man who chose might go, there would not have been that easy prosperity of life and that high standard of abundance which seemed to render it necessary that, if we were to have manufactures and a diversified industry at all, we should foster new undertakings by a system of protection which would make the profits of the factory as certain and as abundant as the profits of the farm. It was the constant movement of the population, the constant march of wagon trains into the West, that made it so cardinal a matter of policy whether the great national domain should *be* free land or not: and that was the land question. It was the settlement of the West that transformed slavery from an accepted institution into passionate matter of controversy.

Slavery within the States of the Union stood sufficiently protected by every solemn sanction the Constitution could afford. No man could touch it there, think, or hope, or purpose what he might. But where new States were to be made it was not so. There at every step choice must be made: slavery or no slavery?—a new choice for every new State: a fresh act of origination to go with every fresh act of organization. Had there been no Territories, there could have been no slavery question, except by revolution and contempt of fundamental law. But with a continent to be peopled, the choice thrust itself insistently forward at every step and upon every hand. This was the slavery question: not what should be done to reverse the past, but what should be done to redeem the future. It was so men of that day saw it,—and so also must historians see it. We must not mistake the programme of the Anti-Slavery Society for the platform of the Republican party, or forget that the very war itself was begun ere any purpose of abolition took shape amongst those who were statesmen and in authority. It was a question, not of freeing men,

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but of preserving a Free Soil. Kansas showed us what the problem was, not South Carolina: and it was the Supreme Court, not the slave-owners, who formulated the matter for our thought and purpose.

And so, upon every hand and throughout every national question, was the commerce between East and West made up: that commerce and exchange of ideas, inclinations, purposes, and principles which has constituted the moving force of our life as a nation. Men illustrate the operation of these singular forces better than questions can: and no man illustrates it better than Abraham Lincoln.

> "Great captains with their guns and drums
> Disturb our judgment for the hour;
> But at last silence comes:
> These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
> Our children shall behold his fame,
> The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

It is a poet's verdict; but it rings in the authentic tone of the seer. It must be also the verdict of history. He would be a rash man who should say he understood Abraham Lincoln. No doubt natures deep as his, and various almost to the point of self-contradiction, can be sounded only by the judgment of men of a like sort,—if any such there be. But some things we all may see and judge concerning him. You have in him the type and flower of our growth. It is as if Nature had made a typical American, and then had added with liberal hand the royal quality of genius, to show us what the type could be. Lincoln owed nothing to his birth, everything to his growth: had no training save what he gave himself; no nurture, but only a wild and native strength. His life was his schooling, and every day of it gave to his character a new touch of development. His manhood not only, but his perception also, expanded with his life. His eyes, as they looked more and more abroad, beheld the national life, and comprehended it: and the lad who had been so rough-cut a provincial became, when grown to manhood, the one leader in all the nation who held the whole people singly in his heart:—held even the Southern people there, and would have won them back. And so we have in him what we must call the perfect development of native strength, the rounding out and nationalization of the provincial. Andrew Jackson was a type, not of the nation, but of the West. For all the tenderness there was in the stormy heart of the masterful man, and staunch and simple loyalty to all who loved

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him, he learned nothing in the East; kept always the flavor of the rough school in which he had been bred: was never more than a frontier soldier and gentleman. Lincoln differed from Jackson by all the length of his unmatched capacity to learn. Jackson could understand only men of his own kind; Lincoln could understand men of all sorts and from every region of the land: seemed himself, indeed, to be all men by turns, as mood succeeded mood in his strange nature. He never ceased to stand, in his bony angles, the express image of the ungainly frontiersman. His mind never lost the vein of coarseness that had marked him grossly when a youth. And yet how he grew and strengthened in the real stuff of dignity and greatness: how nobly he could bear himself without the aid of grace! He kept always the shrewd and seeing eye of the woodsman and the hunter, and the flavor of wild life never left him: and yet how easily his view widened to great affairs: how surely he perceived the value and the significance of whatever touched him and made him neighbor to itself!

Lincoln's marvellous capacity to extend his comprehension to the measure of what he had in hand is the one distinguishing mark of the man: and to study the development of that capacity in him is little less than to study, where it is as it were perfectly registered, the national life itself. This boy lived his youth in Illinois when it was a frontier State. The youth of the State was coincident with his own: and the man and his State kept equal pace in their striding advance to maturity. The frontier population was an intensely political population. It felt to the quick the throb of the nation's life,—for the nation's life ran through it, going its eager way to the westward. The West was not separate from the East. Its communities were every day receiving fresh members from the East, and the fresh impulse of direct suggestion. Their blood flowed to them straight from the warmest veins of the older communities. More than that, elements which were separated in the East were united in the West: which displayed to the eye as it were a sort of epitome of the most active and permanent forces of the national life. In such communities as these Lincoln mixed daily from the first with men of every sort and from every quarter of the country. With them he discussed neighborhood politics, the politics of the State, the politics of the nation,—and his mind became travelled as he talked. How plainly amongst such neighbors, there in Illinois, must it have become evident that national questions were centring more and more

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in the West as the years went by: coming as it were to meet them. Lincoln went twice down the Mississippi, upon the slow rafts that carried wares to its mouth, and saw with his own eyes, so used to look directly and point-blank upon men and affairs, characteristic regions of the South. He worked his way slowly and sagaciously, with that larger sort of sagacity which so marked him all his life, into the active business of State politics; sat twice in the State legislature, and then for a term in Congress,—his sensitive and seeing mind open all the while to every turn of fortune and every touch of nature in the moving affairs he looked upon. All the while, too, he continued to canvass, piece by piece, every item of politics, as of old, with his neighbors, familiarly around the stove, or upon the corners of the street, or more formally upon the stump; and kept always in direct contact with the ordinary views of ordinary men. Meanwhile he read, as nobody else around him read, and sought to gain a complete mastery over speech, with the conscious purpose to prevail in its use: derived zest from the curious study of mathematical proof, and amusement as well as strength from the practice of clean and naked statements of truth. It was all irregularly done, but strenuously, with the same instinct throughout, and with a steady access of facility and power. There was no sudden leap for this man, any more than for other men, from crudeness to finished power, from an understanding of the people of Illinois to an understanding of the people of the United States. And thus he came at last, with infinite pains and a wonder of endurance, to his great national task with a self-trained capacity which no man could match, and made upon a scale as liberal as the life of the people. You could not then set this athlete a pace in learning or in perceiving that was too hard for him. He knew the people and their life as no other man did or could: and now stands in his place singular in all the annals of mankind, the "brave, sagacious, foreseeing, patient man" of the people, "new birth of our new soil, the first American."

We have here a national man presiding over sectional men. Lincoln understood the East better than the East understood him or the people from whom he sprung: and this is every way a very noteworthy circumstance. For my part, I read a lesson in the singular career of this great man. Is it possible the East remains sectional while the West broadens to a wider view?

> "Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines;
> By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,"

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is an inspiring programme for the woodsman and the pioneer; but how are you to be brown-handed in a city office? What if you never see the upright pines? How are you to have so big a purpose on so small a part of the hemisphere? As it has grown old, unquestionably, the East has grown sectional. There is no suggestion of the prairie in its city streets, or of the embrowned ranchman and farmer in its well-dressed men. Its ports teem with shipping from Europe and the Indies. Its newspapers run upon the themes of an Old World. It hears of the great plains of the continent as of foreign parts, which it may never think to see except from a car window. Its life is self-centred and selfish. The West, save where special interests centre (as in those pockets of silver where men's eyes catch as it were an eager gleam from the very ore itself): the West is in less danger of sectionalization. Who shall say in that wide country where one region ends and another begins, or, in that free and changing society, where one class ends and another begins?

This, surely, is the moral of our history. The East has spent and been spent for the West: has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance, for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught, or taken as much as she has given? Look what it is that has now at last taken place. The westward march has stopped, upon the final slopes of the Pacific; and now the plot thickens. Populations turn upon their old paths; fill in the spaces they passed by neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West,—nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and be known; and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn: to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere, as her own poet bade. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it, and lovers of them all, as Lincoln was.

Read but your history aright, and you shall not find the task too hard. Your own local history, look but deep enough, tells the tale you must take to heart. Here upon our own seaboard, as truly as ever in the West, was once a national frontier, with an elder East beyond the seas. Here, too, various peoples combined, and elements separated elsewhere effected a tolerant and wholesome mixture.

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Here too the national stream flowed full and strong, bearing a thousand things upon its currents. Let us resume and keep the vision of that time: know ourselves, our neighbors, our destiny, with lifted and open eyes: see our history truly, in its great proportions: be ourselves liberal as the great principles we profess; and so be the people who might have again the heroic adventures and do again the heroic work of the past. 'Tis thus we shall renew our youth and secure our age against decay.

WOODROW WILSON.

MR. WOODROW WILSON, born in Stanton, Va., in 1856, was graduated at Princeton College in 1879. He studied law at the University of Virginia and practised his profession for a while in Atlanta, Ga., but soon abandoned the law and took a post-graduate course in history and political science at Johns Hopkins University, receiving the degree of Ph. D. in 1886. He was Associate in History at Bryn Mawr College, Pa., in 1885–86, and Associate Professor in History and Political Science in the same institution in 1886–88. He then accepted the chair of History and Political Economy in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. Since September, 1890, he has been Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy at Princeton College. He is author of "Congressional Government a Study in American Politics," a work which has attracted wide attention both in this country and in Europe, and he has contributed largely to "The National Revenues," a collection of essays by prominent American economists, and has published many other articles on economic subjects.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.[1]

In this series of papers I have been trying to note some of the more definite literary forces which tended to mould English opinion during the epoch of the present Queen. I can remember the issues of nearly all the greater products of the Victorian writers, or at least the heyday of their early fame. I do not propose to speak of any living writer, and shall strictly confine myself to the writers of our country. I shall not presume to weigh the great writers of the American continent, however well I may think I know them, however much I know that I admire them. Nor shall I permit myself to speak of those living lights of literature from whom we may yet receive work even surpassing that of those who are gone.

My business is not that of a critic, and I trust that I shall not be accused of the presumption of aspiring to any critical office. There are plenty of critics—there are eminent critics, who guide or express the judgment of the public. My aim has been not so much to weigh each writer in the delicate balance of pure literary merit, but rather, from the point of view of the historian of ideas and of manners, to record the successive influences which, in the last fifty years or so, have moulded or reflected English opinion through printed books, be they of the dogmatic or of the imaginative order. In so doing, I have to speak of writers whose vogue is passing away with the present generation, or those of whom we must admit very grave defects and feebleness. Some of them may be little cared for to-day; though they have a place in the evolution of British society and thought.

Charles Kingsley has such a place—not by reason of any great work or any very rare quality of his own, but by virtue of his versatility, his *verve*, his fecundity, his irrepressible gift of breaking out in some new line, his strong and reckless sympathy, and above all by real literary brilliance. Where he failed to impress, to teach, to inspire—almost even though he stirred men to anger or laughter—Charles Kingsley for a generation continued to interest the public, to scatter amongst them ideas or problems; he made many people think,

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and gave many people delight. He woke them up in all sorts of ways, about all sorts of things. He wrote lyrics, songs, dramas, romances, sermons, Platonic dialogues, newspaper articles, children's fairy books, scientific manuals, philosophical essays, lectures, extravaganzas, and theological polemics. Hardly any of these were quite in the first rank, and some of them were thin, flashy, and almost silly. But most of them had the saving gift of getting home to the interests, ideas, and tastes of the great public, and he made them think even when he was very wrong himself. Such activity, such keenness, such command of literary resources, has to be reckoned with in a man of warm feeling and generous impulses; and thus, if Charles Kingsley is no longer with very many either prophet or master, he was a literary influence of at least the second rank in his own generation.

This would not be enough if it stood alone; but there were moments in which he bounded into the first rank. It would hardly be safe to call Kingsley a poet of great pretension, although there are passages in "The Saint's Tragedy" and in the "Ballads" of real power, but he has written songs which, as songs for the voice, have hardly been surpassed by Tennyson himself. "The Sands of Dee" and "The Three Fishers," if not poetry of quite perfect kind, have that incommunicable and indescribable element of the *cantabile* which fits them to the wail of a sympathetic voice perhaps even better than any songs of the most finished poetry. A true song must be simple, familiar, musically suggestive of a single touching idea, and nothing more. And this is just the mysterious quality of these songs and the source of their immense popularity. Again, without pretending that Kingsley is a great novelist, there are scenes, especially descriptive scenes, in "Hypatia," in "Westward Ho!" which belong to the very highest order of literary painting, and have hardly any superior in the romances of our era. No romances, except Thackeray's, have the same glow of style in such profusion and variety; and Thackeray himself was no such poet of natural beauty as Charles Kingsley—a poet, be it remembered, who by sheer force of imagination could realize for us landscapes and climates of which he himself had no sort of experience. Even Scott himself has hardly done this with so vivid a brush.

Kingsley was a striking example of that which is so characteristic of recent English literature—its strong, practical, social, ethical, or theological bent. It is in marked contrast with French literature. Our writers are always using their literary gifts to preach, to teach,

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to promulgate a new social or religious movement, to reform somebody or something, to illustrate a new doctrine. From first to last, Carlyle regarded himself even more as preacher than as artist: so does his follower, Mr. Ruskin. Macaulay seemed to write history in order to prove the immeasurable superiority of the Whig to the Tory; and Froude and Freeman write history to enforce their own moral. Disraeli's novels were the programme of a party and the defence of a cause; and even Dickens and Thackeray plant their knives deep into the social abuses of their time. Charles Kingsley was not professed novelist, nor professed man of letters. He was novelist, poet, essayist, and historian, almost by accident, or with ulterior aims. Essentially, he was a moralist, a preacher, a socialist, a reformer, and a theologian.

To begin with his poetry, and he himself began his literary career with verses at the age of sixteen; he began to write poetry almost as a child, and some of his earlier verses are his best. If Kingsley, with all his literary gifts, was never quite in the first rank in anything, he came nearest to being a poet of mark. Some of his ballads almost touch the high-water mark of true ballad poetry, with its abrupt fierce blows of tragedy and pathos, its simple touches of primitive rude speech, its reserve of force, its unspoken mysteries. At any rate, Kingsley's best ballads have no superior in the ballads of the Victorian era in lilt, in massiveness of stroke, in strange unexpected turns. "The Weird Lady" is an astonishing piece for a lad of twenty-one—it begins with, "The swevens came up round Harold the Earl, Like motes in the sunnès beam"—and it ends with the stanza:

> "A white dove out of the coffin flew;
> Earl Harold's mouth it kist;
> He fell on his face, wherever he stood;
> And the white dove carried his soul to God
> Or ever the bearers wist."

That is pure and rare ballad poetry.

A "New Forest Ballad" is also good:

> "They dug three graves in Lyndhurst yard;
> They dug them side by side;
> Two yeomen lie there, and a maiden fair,
> A widow and never a bride."

So too is the "Outlaw":

> "And when I'm taen and hangit, mither, a brittling o' my deer,
> Ye'll no leave your bairn to the corbie craws, to dangle in the air;
> But ye'll send up my twa douce brethren, and ye'll steal me fra the tree,
> And bury me up on the brown, brown muirs, where I aye loved to be."

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The famous ballad in "Yeast" would have been a great success if Kingsley would have limited it to five stanzas instead of twenty. What a ring there is in:

> "The merry brown hares came leaping
> Over the crest of the hill—"

If he could only have been satisfied with the first five stanzas what a ballad it would have been!—

> "She thought of the dark plantation
> And the hares, and her husband's blood,
> And the voice of her indignation
> Rose up to the throne of God."

That was enough for a ballad, but not for a political novel. The other fifteen stanzas were required for his story; they may be vigorous rhetoric, impressive moralising, but they are too argumentative and too rhetorical to be ballad poetry. It is curious how much of Kingsley's work, both poetry and prose, is inspired by his love of sport and his indignation at game laws!

His songs, spoiled as they are to our ears by poor music and, too often, maudlin voices, are as good songs and as fitted for singing as any in our time. "The Sands of Dee," hacknied and vulgarised as it is by the banalities of the drawing-room, is really (to use a hacknied and vulgarised phrase) a "haunting" piece of song; and though Ruskin may pronounce "the cruel crawling foam" to be a false use of the pathetic fallacy, for what it professes to be the song is a thing to live. I have always felt more kindly toward the East wind since Kingsley's "Welcome, wild North-Easter!"; and his Church Hymns such as—"Who will say the world is dying?" and "The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!"—are far above the level even of the better modern hymns.

We have not yet touched upon Kingsley's longest and most ambitious poem—"The Saint's Tragedy." With all its merits and beauties it is a mistake. It was avowedly a controversial diatribe against the celibacy and priestcraft of Romanism, and was originally designed to be in prose. That is not a safe basis for a dramatic poem, and the poem suffers from the fact that it is in great part a theological pamphlet. It would have made a most interesting historical novel as a mediæval pendant to "Hypatia"; but it is not a great lyrical drama. As we have had no great lyrical drama at all since "Manfred" and "Cain," that is not saying very much in its dispraise.

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There are powerful passages, much poetic grace in the piece; but the four thousand lines of this elaborate polemical poem rather weary us, and a perfervid appeal to the Protestantism and uxoriousness of Britons should have been cast into other moulds.

The long poem of "Andromeda" almost succeeds in that impossible feat—reviving the hexameter in English. It may be a hard saying to the countrymen of Longfellow, but the truth is that the hexameter is a metrical monster in our English speech. The paucity of easy dactyls and the absence of all spondees in English, the preponderance of consonants over vowels, the want of inflected forms, make the hexameter incapable of transplantation; and this magnificent metre loses with us all its majesty, its ease, its beauty. The very line can hardly be printed on an ordinary page, for the immense number of letters in each English verse causes an unsightly doubling of the lines, chokes the voice, and wearies the ear. In the hexameter line of Homer there are about thirty letters, of which only twelve are consonants; in the English hexameter there are often sixty letters, of which nearly forty are consonants. And the Homeric hexameter will have six words where the English hexameter has twelve or fourteen. Yet having set himself this utterly hopeless and thankless task, to write English hexameters, Kingsley produced some five hundred lines of "Andromeda," which in rhythm, ease, rapidity, and metrical correctness are quite amongst the best in the language. It is very rare to meet with any English hexameter which in rhythm, stress, and prosody is perfectly accurate. "Andromeda" contains many such lines, as for example:

> "Violet, asphodel, ivy, and vine-leaves, roses and lilies—
> Nereid, siren, and triton, and dolphin, and arrowy fishes."

These lines are true hexameters, chiefly because they consist of Latin and Greek words; and they have little more than forty letters, of which barely more than half are consonants. But hexameters consisting of purely English words, especially of Anglo-Saxon words, halt and stammer like a schoolboy's exercise. The attempt of Kingsley in "Andromeda" is most ingenious and most instructive.

I have dwelt so much upon Kingsley's poetry because, though he was hardly a "minor poet,"—an order which now boasts sixty members—he wrote a few short pieces which came wonderfully near being a great success. And again, it is the imaginative element in all his work, the creative fire and the vivid life which he threw

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into his prose as much as his verse, into his controversies as much as into his fictions, that gave them their popularity and their savour. Nearly every one of Kingsley's imaginative works was polemical, full of controversy, theological, political, social, and racial; and this alone prevented them from being great works. Interesting works they are; full of vigour, beauty, and ardent conception; and it is wonderful that so much art and fancy could be thrown into what is in substance polemical pamphleteering.

Of them all "Hypatia" is the best known and the best conceived. "Hypatia" was written in 1853 in the prime of his manhood and was on the face of it a controversial work. Its sub-title was—"New Foes with an Old Face,"—its preface elaborates the moral and spiritual ideas that it teaches, the very titles of the chapters bear biblical phrases and classical moralising as their style. We should be sorry to guarantee the accuracy of the local colouring and the detail of its elaborate history; but the life, realism, and pictorial brilliancy of the scenes give it a power which is rare indeed in an historical novel. It has not the great and full knowledge of "Romola," much less the consummate style and setting of "Esmond"; but it has a vividness, a rapidity, a definiteness which completely enthral the imagination and stamp its scenes on the memory. It is that rare thing, an historical romance which does not drag. It is not one of those romances of which we fail to understand the incidents, and often forget what the personages want to get. No one who has read "Hypatia" in early life will fail to remember its chief scenes or its leading characters, if he lives to old age. After forty years this romance has been cast into a drama and placed upon the London stage, and it is frequently the subject of some vigorous pictures.

In any estimate of "Hypatia" as a romance, it is right to consider the curious tangle of difficulties which Kingsley crowded into his task. It was to be a realistic historical novel dated in an age of which the public knew nothing, set in a country of which the author had no experience, but which many of us know under wholly altered conditions. It was to carry on controversies as to the older and the later types of Christianity, as to Polytheism, Judaism, and Monotheism; it was to confute Romanism, Scepticism, and German metaphysics; it was to denounce celibacy and monasticism, to glorify muscular Christianity, to give glowing pictures of Greek sensuousness and Roman rascality, and finally to secure the apotheosis of Scandinavian heroism. And in spite of these incongruous and in-

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compatible aims, the story still remains a vivid and fascinating tale. That makes it a real *tour-de-force*. It is true that it has many of the faults of Bulwer, a certain staginess, melodramatic soliloquies, careless incongruities, crude sensationalism—but withal, it has some of the merits of Bulwer at his best, in "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons,"—the play of human passion and adventure, intensity of reproduction however inaccurate in detail; it has "go," intelligibility, memorability. The characters interest us, the scenes amuse us, the pictures are not forgotten. The stately beauty of Hypatia, the fascination of Pelagia, the childlike nature of Philammon, the subtle cynicism of Raphael Aben-Ezra, the mighty audacity of the Goths, the fanaticism of Cyril, and the strange clash of three elements of civilisation, —Graeco-Roman, Christian, Teutonic—give us definite impressions, leave a permanent imprint on our thoughts. There are extravagances, theatricalities, impossibilities enough. The Gothic princes comport themselves like British seamen ashore in Suez or Bombay; Raphael talks like young Lancelot Smith in "Yeast"; Hypatia is a Greek Argemone; and Bishop Synesius is merely an African fifth century Charles Kingsley, what Sidney Smith called a "squarson," or compound of squire and parson. Still, after all—bating grandiloquences and incongruities and "errors excepted,"—"Hypatia" lives, moves, and speaks to us; and, in the matter of vitality and interest, is amongst the very few successes in historical romance in the whole Victorian literature.

"Westward Ho!" shares with "Hypatia" the merit of being a successful historical romance. It is free from many of the faults of "Hypatia," it is more mature, more carefully written. It is not laden with the difficulties of "Hypatia"; it is only in part an historical romance at all; the English scenery was one which Kingsley knew perfectly and from boyhood; and the only controversy involved was the interminable debate about Jesuit mendacity and Romanist priestcraft. So that, if "Westward Ho!" does not present us with the weaknesses and the dilemmas of "Hypatia," on the other hand it is not so brilliant or so rich with interest. But it has real and lasting qualities. The Devon coast scenery which Kingsley knew and loved, the West Indian and tropical scenery, which he loved but did not know, are both painted with wonderful force of imaginative colour. When one recalls all that Kingsley has done in the landscape of romance,—Alexandria and the desert of the Nile, West Indian jungles and

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rivers, Bideford Bay, his own heaths in "Yeast," the fever-dens of London in "Alton Locke,"—one is almost inclined to rank him in this single gift of description as first of all the novelists since Scott. Compared with the brilliancy and variety of Kingsley's pictures of country, Bulwer's and Disraeli's are conventional; even those of Dickens are but local; Thackeray and Trollope have no interest in landscape at all; George Eliot's keen interest is not so spontaneous as Kingsley's, and Charlotte Brontë's wonderful gift is strictly limited to the narrow field of her own experience. But Kingsley, as a landscape painter, can image to us other continents and many zones, and he carries us to distant climates with astonishing force of reality.

"Two Years Ago" has some vigorous scenes, but it has neither the merits nor the defects of Kingsley in historical romance. Its scene is too near for his fine imagination to work poetically, and it is too much of a sermon and pamphlet to be worth a second or a third reading; and as to "Hereward the Wake," I must confess to not having been able to complete even a first reading, and that after sundry trials. Of Kingsley's remaining fanciful pieces it is enough to say that "The Heroes" still remains, after forty years, the child's introduction to Greek mythology, and is still the best book of its class. When we compare it with another attempt by a romancer of genius, and set it beside the sticky dullness of "The Tanglewood Tales," it looks like a real group of Tanagra figurines placed beside a painted plaster cast. Kingsley's "Heroes," in spite of the inevitable sermon addressed in the preface to all good boys and girls, has the real simplicity of Greek art, and they tell their myths in noble and pure English. The "Water Babies" is an immortal bit of fun, which will be read in the next century with "Gulliver" and "The Ring and the Rose," long after we have all forgotten the nonsensical whims about science and the conventional pulpit moralising which Kingsley scattered broadcast into everything he said or wrote.

We have as yet said nothing about that which was Kingsley's most characteristic and effective work—his political fictions. These were the pieces by which his fame was first achieved, and no doubt they are the works which gave him his chief influence on his generation. But, for that very reason, they suffered most of all his writings as works of art. "Yeast" is a book very difficult to classify. It is not exactly a novel, it is more than a "Dialogue," it is too romantic for a sermon, it is too imaginative for a pamphlet, it is too full of action for a political and social treatise. Incongruous as it

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is, it is interesting and effective, and contains some of Kingsley's best work. It has some of his most striking verses, some of his finest pictures of scenery, many of his most eloquent thoughts, all his solid ideas, the passion of his youth, and the first glow of his enthusiasm. It was written before he was thirty, before he thought himself to be a philosopher, before he professed to be entrusted with a direct message from God. Its title—"Yeast"—suggests that it is a ferment thrown into the compound mass of current political, social, and religious ideas, to make them work and issue in some new combination. Kingsley himself was a kind of ferment. His mind was itself destined to cause a violent chemical reaction in the torpid fluids into which it was projected. His early and most amorphous work of "Yeast" did this with singular vigour, in a fresh and reckless way, with rare literary and poetic skill.

If I spoke my whole mind, I should count "Yeast" as Kingsley's typical prose work. It is full of anomalies, full of fallacies, raising difficulties it fails to solve, crying out upon maladies and sores for which it quite omits to offer a remedy. But that is Kingsley all over. He was a mass of over-excited nerves and ill-ordered ideas, much more poet than philosopher, more sympathetic than lucid, full of passionate indignation, recklessly self-confident, cynically disdainful of consistency, patience, good sense. He had the Rousseau temperament, with its furious eloquence, its blind sympathies and antipathies, its splendid sophistries. "Yeast" was plainly the Christian reverse of the Carlyle image and superscription, as read in "Sartor" and "Past and Present." Kingsley was always profoundly influenced by Frederick D. Maurice, who was a kind of spiritual Carlyle, without the genius or the learning of the mighty "Sartor," with a turn for sentiment instead of sarcasm, with a genuine neo-Christian devoutness in lieu of an old-Hebrew Goetheism. Kingsley had some of Carlyle's passion, of his eloquence, of his power to strike fire out of stones. And so, just because "Yeast" was so disjointed as a composition, so desultory in thought, so splendidly defiant of all the conventions of literature and all the ten commandments of British society in 1849, I am inclined to rank it as Kingsley's typical performance in prose. It is more a work of art than "Alton Locke," for it is much shorter, less akin to journalism, less spasmodic, and more full of poetry. "Yeast" deals with the country—which Kingsley knew better and loved more than he did the town. It deals with real, permanent, deep social evils, and it paints no fancy portrait of the labourer, the

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squire, the poacher, or the village parson. Kingsley there speaks of what he knew, and he describes that which he felt with the soul of a poet. The hunting scenes in "Yeast," the river vignettes, the village revel, are exquisite pieces of painting. And the difficulties overcome in the book are extreme. To fuse together a Platonic Dialogue and a Carlyle latter-day pamphlet, and to mould this compound into a rural romance in the style of "Silas Marner," heightened with extracts from University Pulpit sermons, with some ringing ballads, and political diatribes in the vein of Cobbett's appeals to the People—this was to show wonderful literary versatility and animation. And, after forty-five years, "Yeast" can be read and re-read still!

"Alton Locke" was no doubt more popular, more passionately in earnest, more definite and intelligible than "Yeast"; and if I fail to hold it quite as the equal of "Yeast" in literary merit, it is because these very qualities necessarily impair it as a work of art. It was written, we well know, under violent excitement and by a terrible strain on the neuropathic organism of the poet-preacher. It is undoubtedly spasmodic, crude, and disorderly. A generation which has grown fastidious on the consummate finish of "Esmond," "Romola," and "Treasure Island," is a little critical of the hasty outpourings of spirit which satisfied our fathers in the 'forties, after the manner of "Sibyl," the "Last of the Barons," or "Barnaby Rudge." The Tennysonian modulation of phrase had not been popularised in prose, and spasmodic soliloquies and melodramatic eloquence did not offend.

As "Yeast" was inspired by "Sartor Resartus," so "Alton Locke" was inspired by Carlyle's "French Revolution." The effect of Carlyle upon Kingsley is plain enough throughout, down to the day when Carlyle led Kingsley to support the judicial murder of negroes in Jamaica. Kingsley himself tells us, by the mouth of Alton Locke (chap. ix.), "I know no book, always excepting Milton, which at once so quickened and exalted my poetical view of man and his history, as that great prose poem, *the single epic of modern days*, Thomas Carlyle's "French Revolution." Kingsley's three masters were,—in poetry, Tennyson; in social philosophy, Carlyle; in things moral and spiritual, Frederick D. Maurice. He had far more of genius than had Maurice; he was a much more passionate reformer than Tennyson; he was far more genial and social than Carlyle. Not that he imitated any of the three. "Yeast" is not at all copied from "Sartor," either in form or in thought; nor is "Alton Locke" in any sense imitated from the "French Revolution." It is

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inspired by it; but "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" are entirely original, and were native outbursts from Kingsley's own fierce imagination and intense human sympathy.

And in many ways they were amongst the most powerful influences over the thought of the young of the last generation. In the early 'fifties we were not so fastidious in the matter of style and composition as we have now become. Furious eloquence and somewhat melodramatic incongruities did not shock us so much, if we found them to come from a really glowing imagination and from genuine inspiration, albeit somewhat unpruned and ill-ordered. Now Kingsley "let himself go," in the way of Byron, Disraeli, Bulwer, and Dickens, who not seldom poured out their conceptions in what we now hold to be spasmodic form. It is possible that the "genteeler" taste of our age may prevent the young of to-day from caring for "Alton Locke." But I can assure them that five and forty years ago that book had a great effect and came home to the heart of many. And the effect was permanent and creative. We may see to-day in England widespread results of that potent social movement which was called Christian Socialism, a movement of which Kingsley was neither the founder nor the chief leader, but of which his early books were the main popular exponents, and to which they gave a definiteness and a key which the movement itself sadly lacked.

I was not of an age to take part in that movement, but in after years at the Working Men's College, which grew out of it, I gained a personal knowledge of what was one of the most striking movements of our time. Nowadays, when leading statesmen assure us "we are all Socialists now," when the demands of the old "Chartists" are Liberal common form, when trades-unionism, coöperation, and state-aided benefits are largely supported by politicians, churchmen, journals, and writers, it is difficult for us now to conceive the bitter opposition which assailed the small band of reformers who, five and forty years ago, spoke up for these reforms. Of that small band, who stood alone amongst the literary, academic, and ecclesiastical class, Charles Kingsley was the most outspoken, the most eloquent, and assuredly the most effective. I do not say the wisest, the most consistent, or the most staunch; nor need we here discuss the strength or the weakness of the Christian Socialist reform. When we remember how widely this vague initiative has spread and developed, when we read "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" again, and note how much has been practically done in forty years to redress or mitigate the abuses

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against which these books uttered the first burning protest, we may form some estimate of all that the present generation of Englishmen owes to Charles Kingsley and his friends.

I have dwelt last and most seriously upon Kingsley's earliest books, because they were in many respects his most powerful, his typical works. As he grew in years, he did not develope. He improved for a time in literary form, but his excitable nerve-system, his impulsive imagination, drove him into tasks for which he had no gift, and where he floated hither and thither without sure guide. From the time of his official success, that is, for the last fifteen years of his life, he produced nothing worthy of himself and much that was manifest book-making—the mere outpouring of the professional preacher and story-teller. Of his historical and philosophical work I shall not speak at all. His shallow Cambridge Inaugural Lecture, as Professor of History, was torn to pieces in the "Westminster Review" (v. xix., p. 305, April, 1861), it is said, by a brother Professor of History. Much less need we speak of his miserable duel with Cardinal Newman, wherein he was so shamefully worsted. For fifteen years he poured out lectures, sermons, tales, travels, poems, dialogues, children's books, and historical, philosophical, theological, social, scientific, and sanitary essays—but the Charles Kingsley of "Yeast," of "Alton Locke," of "Hypatia," of "Westward Ho!" of the Ballads and Poems, we never knew again. He burnt out his fiery spirit at last, at the age of fifty-five, in a series of restless enterprises, and a vehement outpouring of miscellaneous eloquence.

Charles Kingsley was a man of genius, half poet, half controversialist. The two elements did not blend altogether well. His poetic passion carried away his reason and often confused his logic. His argumentative vehemence too often marred his fine imagination. Thus his "Saint's Tragedy" is partly a satire on Romanism, and his ballad in "Yeast" is mainly a radical pamphlet. Hardly one of his books is without a controversial preface, controversial titles, chapters, or passages on questions of theology, churches, races, politics, or society. Indeed, excepting some of his poems, and some (but not all) of his popular or children's books, all his works are of a controversial kind. Whatever he did he did with heart, and this was at once his merit and his weakness. Before all things, he was a preacher, a priest of the English Church, a Christian minister. He was indeed a liberal priest, sometimes even too free and easy. He brings in the sacred name perhaps more often than any other writer, and he does so not

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always in a devout way. He seemed at last to use the word "God" as if it were an expletive, meaning "very much" or "very good," as where he so oddly calls the North-East wind "the wind of God." And he betrays a most unclerical interest in physical torture, and physical voluptuousness ("Hypatia," "The Saint's Tragedy," "Saint Maura," "Westward Ho!"), though it is true that his real nature is both eminently manly and pure.

As we have done all through these estimates of great writers, we have to take the great writer at his best and forget his worst. It is a melancholy reflection that we so often find a man of genius working himself out to an unworthy close, it is too often feared, in the thirst of success and even the attraction of gain. But at his best Charles Kingsley left some fine and abiding influences behind him, and achieved some brilliant things. Would that we always had men of his dauntless spirit, of his restless energy, of his burning sympathy, of his keen imagination! He reminds us somewhat of his own Bishop Synesius, as described in "Hypatia" (chap. 21), who "was one of those many-sided, volatile, restless men, who taste joy and sorrow, if not deeply or permanently, yet abundantly and passionately"—"He lived . . . in a whirlwind of good deeds, meddling and toiling for the mere pleasure of action; and as soon as there was nothing to be done, which, till lately, had happened seldom enough with him, paid the penalty for past excitement in fits of melancholy. A man of magniloquent and flowery style, not without a vein of self-conceit; yet withal of overflowing kindliness, racy humour, and unflinching courage, both physical and moral; with a very clear practical faculty, and a very muddy speculative one"—and so on. Charles Kingsley must have been thinking of his own tastes when he drew the portrait of the "squire-bishop." But he did more than the Bishop of Cyrene, and was himself a compound of squire-parson-poet. And in all three characters he showed some of the best sides of each.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, born in London in 1831, was educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford, and in 1877 was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law by the Council of Legal Education. He is the chief exponent of the Positivist school, is a critic of authority, and a great master of English prose. Among his works are, "The Meaning of History," "Social Statics," "Order and Progress," and "Oliver Cromwell." His present article is the eighth of the notable series in THE FORUM entitled "Studies of the Great Victorian Writers."

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"COIN'S" FOOD FOR THE GULLIBLE.

WHEN it is recalled that in no case has a great economic or monetary question in the United States been settled by a discussion of its merits, perhaps the phenomenal circulation[1] of "Coin's Financial School" may not seem so inexplicable. On great monetary questions the American people have got into the habit of drifting. We drifted into the suspension of specie payments at the end of 1861. We drifted into the resumption of specie payments in 1879. Our national-bank system has been allowed to drift. We entered into an experiment of silver legislation in 1878, aggravated by the legislation in the Sherman act of 1890, and allowed ourselves to drift until the panic of 1893 brought us to our senses, but only through great financial disaster and loss. The explanation of this is undoubtedly closely connected with the character of monetary questions and with the general lack of popular training and absence of information on monetary history and principles. It is not an impossible task for a decided and dogmatic writer or speaker to impose his statements upon a community, if the majority of its members have no means of testing the accuracy of his statements.

While this condition of ignorance is a good soil in which to plant monetary fallacies, it is not the only condition to their growth and development. We must continue to make allowances for "the eternal gullible." A certain portion of mankind seems to be unhappy unless it is believing in something novel and sensational. It is the quality which led to the existence, some years ago, of "Blue-Glass Science"; and we have a near relative to this phenomenon in the readiness of masses of people to find the explanation of insoluble problems in some new nostrum like that furnished by the monetary quacks. The same conditions which draw a crowd of susceptible natures around a flaring light in the public square of a country town, where

[1] MR. W. H. HARVEY, author of "Coin's Financial School," wrote, in a recent letter to the Editor of THE FORUM, that the *bona fide* circulation of "Coin's Financial School," since its publication eleven months ago, has exceeded 400,000 copies, and that his other publications have had sales as follows: "Tale of Two Nations," published eight months ago, 110,000 copies; "Coin's Financial School Up to Date," published a few weeks ago, 105,000 copies; "Coin's Hand-Book," published in March 1894, 130,000 copies.

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the mountebank plays his tricks or advertises his miraculous cures, are fundamentally the same conditions which have allowed the wide dissemination of economic fallacies. This *quasi*-superstition works intimately with ignorance in producing a crop of beliefs, which, of course, is astounding to the trained mind; but there is nothing inexplicable about it. It is not inexplicable, for instance, to find that the great mass of people are not trained to think in a subject; to reason one or two steps is rare, and even few men of education are charged with so serious a process. That many people should not be able to think in a difficult and abstruse question like that of money is not at all strange. It is strange, however, that they never seem to question their competency to reach dogmatic conclusions and preach remedial measures. The assurance of the modern Demos is probably as great as it ever was in the older republics.

But ignorance, gullibility, and lack of training, while making possible the prevalence of a serious crop of errors, may fall in with a set of temporary conditions likely to stimulate the rankest and most astounding growth of weedy monetary fallacies. Such a peculiar and temporary set of special conditions is certainly to be found in the train of a serious and damaging commercial crisis such as that of 1893. Such periods are hot-beds of monetary error. In those times, of all times, short cuts to wealth are doubly welcome. Devices for escaping from the burdens of previous expansion and wild speculation are eagerly sought for. To be held to account, after the effects of debauchery have gone by, for measures undertaken in the intoxication of speculation, is one of the most chilling and uncomfortable sensations which human beings are called upon to endure. It follows, as a matter of course, that the kind of person who has been most impressionable in the speculative period, who has dreamed the wildest dreams, who has gone farthest into speculation, who has built up the largest indebtedness, who has been the least far-sighted, who has had the least comprehension of the industrial movement—such a person is the very person, after the bubble has been pricked by the coming of a commercial crisis, to vociferate most loudly upon the evils of the present situation, to take up with schemes for scaling his indebtedness, and to escape from the responsibilities of his mistakes by any devices that may be presented, irrespective of the nicest feeling of honor and conscience. The less fortunate, the less successful, the less wise, therefore, are those from whom, in the nature of things, we should expect to hear the most of the difficulties following after a monetary crisis.

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For centuries it has been familiar to the student of money that the commonest form by which the near-sighted and susceptible speculator frees himself from his engagements, entered into in a time of rosy elation, is some form of monetary trickery. Sovereigns used to set the example of freeing themselves from the burden of their indebtedness by debasing the coinage or by paper-money devices. It has been found easy to scale indebtedness by adding to the depreciated paper a legal-tender power of paying off obligations. Such legal-tender power was given to our "greenbacks" in 1862. We have had an illustration of this tendency, of a marked and sweeping character, in the paper-money craze which followed the panic of 1873. Indeed, inflation reached such a climax that the country was saved from it only by the masterful veto of President Grant in 1874. Silver fiatism as expressed in the demand for free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one is no more unusual and abnormal than was the paper-inflation agitation following the panic of 1873. The conditions which have brought silver fiatism into existence since 1893 are, of course, temporary in their nature, and the craze is likely to disappear with the recovery of prosperity.

Conditions connected with the dissemination of socialistic and anarchistic views, so far as they have added to the public discontent, may have aggravated the existing phenomena shown by the silver craze; but, unless I am very much mistaken, I cannot find evidence to believe that the working-classes themselves have been largely drawn into this silver-worship. There are good reasons for this belief, of which I shall speak later. But so far as conditions of social unrest have led people to believe that their unsatisfactory material condition is not due to themselves but to the action of forces outside themselves, such as a vicious social system, or political tyranny, or capitalistic legislation, and the like, they may be easily led away by any specious argument by which their dissatisfaction may be most happily explained. The greatest boon to an ignorant, unthinking mind, oppressed by a sense of inferiority in physical condition to other members of the community, is an explanation, no matter how sophistical, which happens to fall in with his views and finds the reason for the real inferiority not in himself but in some outside cause. This, in my opinion, is the cause of the existence of the state of mind expressed by Populism. It is largely a blind, thoughtless striking out at something, for the time being believed to be the cause why they are not enjoying the same worldly prosperity with the rest of

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the world. It makes no difference to them that this greater prosperity of the successful is due to the possession of superior industrial power. It is easier, because more satisfying to self-complacency, to believe that the cause of their material inferiority is due to outside causes, even though on reflection they could not find any sensible ground for justification in the belief. A book, therefore, like "Coin's Financial School," which appeals to class prejudice, which ridicules the possessor of wealth, and salves the feelings of those who have not succeeded in making themselves rich, is quite certain to meet with success. If it be illustrated and attended with coarse jest, so as to adapt it to the sense of humor of a "Weary Waggles," it is likely to find a wide circulation. The development of the pictorial daily newspaper is evidence on this point. The newspaper publisher has learned with great skill how to lower his newspaper to the level of the largest number, to tickle the attention by coarse jest and illustration.

All this, however, would not account for the phenomenal distribution of this little book, did we not understand that a very systematic organization has been used, backed by liberal means, to put the book into the hands of people all over the country. An elaborate propaganda with seemingly abundant funds has been used in the dissemination of free coinage literature, like "Coin's Financial School."

The style of the book is ingeniously contrived to carry out its purpose. The dapper but mythical youth, who is supposed to have lectured in the Art Institute at Chicago in May, 1894, of course never existed. The author has cleverly used this device as a means of exposition and of entertaining his impressionable readers. Moreover, the author has shrewdly counted on the gullibility of three-quarters of his readers who have honestly supposed that the mythical lectures really took place, and that the persons mentioned therein, as having asked questions and been refuted, were really present. That the lectures never took place, and, therefore, that the persons mentioned therein never could have made any such remarks as those assigned to them, is little understood by thousands who believe that the school actually existed. The impression of deceit and unreality in the exposition of a difficult subject by a small boy who refutes experts and authorities would at least have seemed to make a widespread belief in the book impossible; but a willingness to believe that a person of standing had been "floored" and demolished by a youth

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who taught views which seem to reflect upon the fortunate classes, has been cleverly satisfied.

The people who to-day honestly believe that there is something in free silver which will miraculously help them out of their pecuniary and other difficulties are unwilling to have it said that the book is essentially dishonest and deceitful. But to anyone who knows the subject it must be apparent at once that the book was intentionally constructed to fit into prevailing prejudices and consciously deceive. The steadiness with which monetary falsehoods are adhered to throughout clearly substantiates this view. It may not, therefore, be amiss to point out a few of the leading untruths, inaccuracies and misleading arguments of the book as specimens of its unmistakable dishonesty.

The fundamental assumption running through the whole book, and which neatly fits into the belief of a great number of persons, is the idea that increase of wealth or betterment of material condition is contingent upon an increase of the quantity of money in circulation. The erroneous supposition that production of goods can come only with a proportionate increase in the means of counting or exchanging those goods is wide-spread. Even to the tyro, however, it must seem absurd that the means of creating and bringing goods into existence is dependent upon the mechanism by which goods after they are produced are exchanged against each other. To be sure, barter is inconvenient, and under it any extensive system of exchanges is impossible. Money has been the machinery devised by society for accomplishing the exchanges of goods at the greatest ease, and society has not continued at rest in reducing the cost of the appliances of exchange. In every possible way they are saving themselves the necessity of using actual money in exchanges, and to-day 92 to 95 per cent of wholesale transactions are accomplished without the use of money in the form either of coin or even of paper money; but I need not here go further into this question of exchanging goods by means of bills, checks, and the clearing-house system, which, I shall assume, every one understands, as a matter of course. But the belief is wide-spread that money must necessarily increase in some proportion to the amount of wealth; although there is no necessary connection between the two whatever. It is exactly in the most highly developed commercial nations that we find the system of saving the actual use of money most effectively in operation. Where the most goods

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are to be exchanged, there we find the greatest use of those devices by which the actual employment of money is obviated. That nearly sixty thousand millions of transactions are settled annually in the United States by means other than actual money is a fact which must be reckoned with. If this be taken into account, it will be understood how far it is from the truth to say that a civilized country with banks and rapid transportation, with credit and established business methods, needs increasing amounts of money in proportion to its wealth and transactions. This is an economic truism.

This idea that more money is needed to "set the wheels of industry going" has a very wide-spread acceptance. It is believed by many classes even of intelligent business men that increasing amounts of money are essential to commercial operations. The essential error in this is that by increasing the means of exchanging goods, one may increase the production of goods, and I might here express myself in the words I have used on another occasion:

"By increasing the number of railways between Chicago and St. Louis, you will not increase the number of bushels of corn and wheat to be carried on these railways. Every one can see the absurdity of such an idea. An increase in the means of transportation does not increase the quantity of goods to be transported. The case is precisely the same with money. The money is only the machinery by which goods are exchanged against one another. No matter how valuable, money is not wanted for its own sake, but for what it will buy. We neither eat nor drink the money itself. It is only the means to an end; it is like the bridge over a river—a mechanism by which we get goods from one shore to another. To confuse money with the goods it transfers is like failing to distinguish between the bridge and the corn or pork which passes over it. To suppose that the coining of more silver would make the country richer is to believe that the more bridges we build the more corn and pork we shall have, or as if the more railways we build the more goods there will be to pass to and fro."

Based on this assumption that the enlarged production of a country depends upon a medium of exchange, "Coin" elaborates the argument that silver was demonetized in 1873 and that one-half the "redemption money" of the country was destroyed in 1873, and that the fall of prices since 1873 has been due to this reduced quantity of money. This argument has received sufferance quite too long in respectable quarters. It is vincible on two grounds: (1) prices do not change correspondingly, in any country, to the changes in the quantity of its gold or silver coin; nor (2) has the fall of prices since 1873 been due to the demonetization of silver. We need not go far into this subject, at present, because the whole argument contains within itself its own refutation. Granting for the moment (what

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I should not accept) that the level of prices depends upon the quantity of the metallic circulating medium, then prices in the western civilized world ought to have risen; for there is more legal-tender silver money in Europe and America to-day than in 1873. Germany had 375,000,000 of silver thalers in circulation in 1870, and when she changed her currency to the gold basis in 1873 she did not dispose of all her silver thalers, but in 1892 she still had in circulation 110,000,000 thalers which were legal tender; so that Germany retired only 265,000,000 of silver thalers. Since 1873, France and the Latin Union have continued to increase their silver circulation. In 1874, to be sure, the quotas to be coined were limited, but they did not cease to increase the amount of silver in use until 1878, when free coinage of silver was suspended throughout the Latin Union. In the year 1878, however, the United States began its prodigious silver experiment and has to-day in circulation over five hundred millions of unlimited legal-tender silver money. In other words, the United States has added to its circulation of silver several hundred millions more than was given up by Germany. In short, a glance at any of the figures indicating the total silver stock in use in the currencies of the world shows an amount to-day much larger than in 1873; while the increase of gold in the various countries of the world, such as Germany and the United States, has been enormous and has reached up into the hundreds of millions. Indeed, granting the fundamental premise that prices since 1873 should depend upon the circulation of the metallic money, prices ought to have risen since 1873 instead of having fallen. This *reductio ad absurdum* it should not be necessary to resort to, since there is unmistakable evidence to show that the fall of prices since 1873 has been due to other than monetary causes.

The essential fallacy of "Coin's" argument, however, is connected with the "demonetization" of silver in 1873. In order to emphasize this he makes a great point of the fact that silver was the only unit in our monetary system from 1792 to 1873. He makes the point that Hamilton's recommendations were overruled by Jefferson. In February, 1792, however, Jefferson, after examining Hamilton's report on the mint, said: "I concur with you in thinking that the unit must stand on both metals; that the alloy should be the same in both; also in the proportion you establish between the values of the two metals." "Coin's" error, in supposing that silver was the unit, arises from his failure to distinguish between a unit of account, like a pound, or

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mark, or franc, as contrasted with the material in which the unit should be expressed. The unit has its value given to it by the material of gold or silver which is assigned to the unit. The value is not in the abstraction called a dollar, but resides in the specific value of the number of grains of gold or silver, called by the name of a unit. The unit of value is the quantity of gold or silver in which the unit is expressed. The essential point, however, to any debtor, or business man, resides in the fact whether he must meet his obligations in gold or silver coin. Until "Coin's" book appeared, no one had ever been so childish as to assume that silver was the only unit of value up to 1873, and consequently the only legal means of paying debts expressed in units or dollars. That we had bimetallism or free coinage in 1792 of both gold and silver goes without saying; no one has ever questioned it. The unit under the name of dollar was expressed in both gold and silver, one-tenth part of $247\frac{3}{4}$ grains of gold, or $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of silver. A unit can have value only by expressing it in a thing which has value. The value of the unit or dollar was made the equal of the value residing in the above-mentioned weights of both gold and silver.

In order to show that silver was the only unit from 1792 to 1893, "Coin" falsifies the monetary history from 1834 to 1873. He refuses to acknowledge a fact known to every historian that silver dollar-pieces disappeared from circulation soon after the act of 1834; and that for more than thirty years before the act of 1873, no silver dollar-pieces were in circulation. Indeed, the fact that France had only a single silver currency after 1803 corroborates this position.

It is unnecessary to devote any attention here to the charge that the act of 1873 was passed surreptitiously, which has no point; for, at that time, not only was the silver dollar worth more than the gold dollar, but also no one could have had the slightest foresight into the subsequent and extraordinary fall in the value of silver in 1876 and especially in 1893. Moreover, 1873 was in the paper-money period, when neither gold nor silver was in circulation. Therefore the act had no importance at the time, since neither gold nor silver was in circulation; and as the silver dollar was worth two or three cents more than the gold dollar, the only effect that could have been attributed to the act was that it made the cheaper money at that time the sole legal-tender money. To suppose that the partisans of a gold standard could have anticipated the subsequent depreciation of silver, and had therefore made gold the only money, is too absurd for discus-

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sion. It would have been like discussing the patterns of the table-cloths on which the cherubim should dine in the next world.

"Coin" could hardly have thought to hold his position if he expected anyone to know the facts of our monetary history. He has evidently relied upon the willingness of the people to absorb dogmatic assertions without recourse to the facts; since the facts of the money in circulation as compared with the level of prices in the United States show unmistakably that prices do not conform to the movement of the circulation. The accompanying chart tells the whole story. The table[1] of prices, on which the chart is based, will show unmistakably the absence of any parallelism between the movement of circulation and prices. The volume of the currency, especially from the resumption of specie payments in 1879, shows a marked increase, while prices fell:

Year.	Volume of Currency.		Prices, 232 Articles.	Ratio of Silver to Gold.
	Amount in Millions.	Per Cent.	Index No.	
1860.....	$435.4	100.0	100.0	15.29 to 1
1865.....	714.7	164 1	216.8	15.44 to 1
1870.....	675.2	155.0	142.3	15.57 to 1
1875.....	754.1	173.1	127.6	16.58 to 1
1879.....	818.6	188.0	96.6	18.39 to 1
1880.....	973.3	223.5	106.9	18.04 to 1
1885.....	1,292.5	296.8	93.0	19.39 to 1
1890.....	1,429.2	328.2	92.3	19.77 to 1
1891.....	1,497.4	343.9	92.2	20.92 to 1
1892.....	1,601.3	367.7	....	23.68 to 1

The chart constructed from this table, on which the ratio of silver to gold is superimposed, shows at a glance how true it is that the downward fall of silver, at least so far as the United States goes, was absolutely disassociated from the movement in the prices of goods. It will be seen by placing the ratio of silver to gold at the same point with the level of prices in 1879, when specie payments were resumed, that the subsequent divergence of the silver line from that of the prices of 232 American articles is striking. Nothing could more indubitably prove that the fall in the value of silver has been wholly distinct, as to cause, from the movement of the prices of commodities in general. While commodities in general are less than 8 per cent below the level of 1860, silver is about 50 per cent below that level.

This brings clearly to the mind the extraordinary falsity of the

[1] See S. McLean Hardy, "Quantity of Money and Prices, 1861–1892," "Journal of Political Economy" (Chicago), March, 1895, p. 156.

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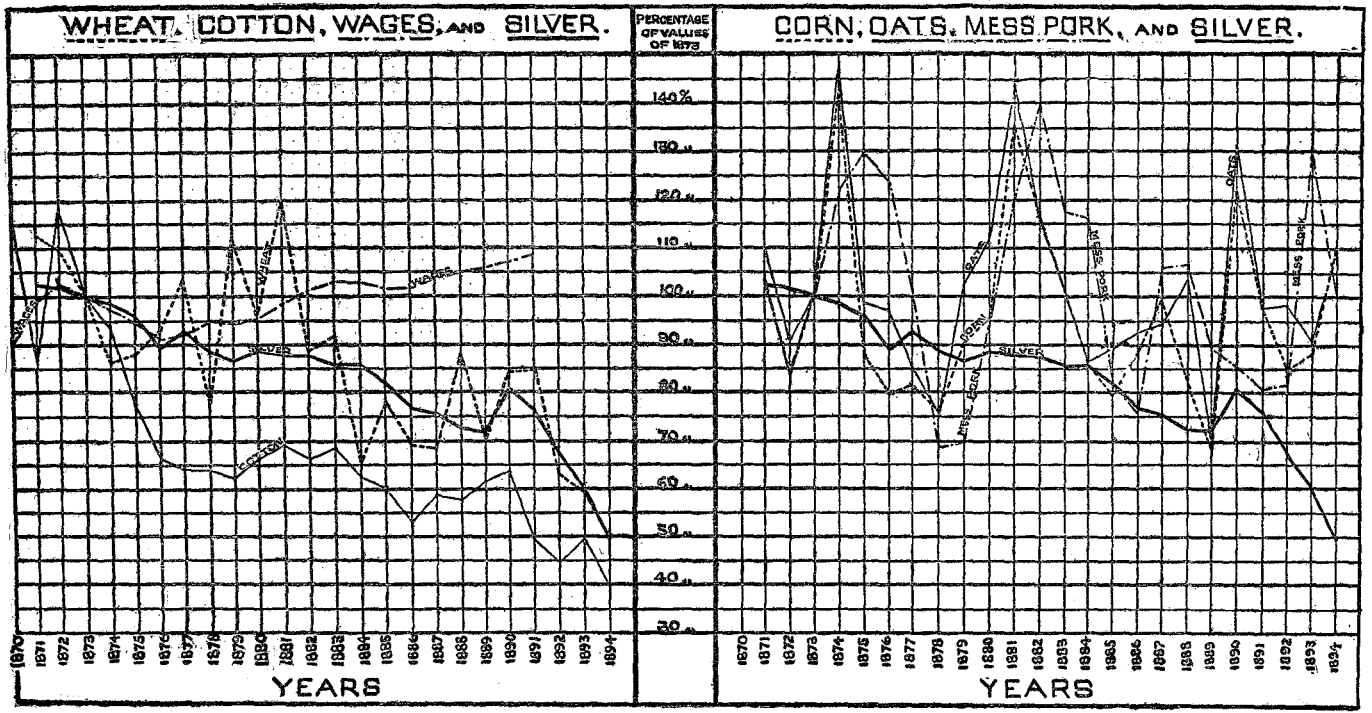
DIAGRAM OF RELATIVE PRICES IN GOLD.

THE PRICES OF 1873 BEING TAKEN AS THE PAR OR STANDARD VALUE.



ANNUAL VALUE LAST TEN YEARS

WHEAT	$356,600,000.
COTTON	288,030,000.
	644,600,000.

ANNUAL VALUE LAST TEN YEARS

CORN	$354,700,000.
OATS	216,120,000.
	570,820,000.

SILVER AVERAGE OF LAST SIX YEARS 55,572,000. OUNCES HAVING A COINAGE VALUE OF $71,420,000.
OR AN ACTUAL GOLD VALUE, AT 53 CTS. PER OZ., OF $34,884,000.

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claims made by "Coin" that silver would be a proper standard of value to-day because its purchasing power, compared with goods, is the same to-day as it was in 1873. It has been so often reiterated as to have assumed the nature of dogma that silver and prices have both fallen together. We now see how utterly untrue this is. Silver to-day has only about one-half the purchasing power over commodities that it had in 1873. To say that it is not silver that has fallen, but that it is gold which has gone up, is like the assertion of the man, after jumping from his boat into the water, that he is not going down but the boat is going up.

"Coin" appeals cunningly to the discontented farmer by an attempt to show that farm products have fallen equally with silver. The inference from this is that because of the scarcity of money all prices are falling, and that this scarcity of money was produced by the demonetization of silver in 1873. The attempt is made to prove that both silver and commodities have fallen because gold has gone up. It has been shown above, however, that the movement of silver has been absolutely distinct from the movement of commodities; but "Coin" has sophistically selected of farm products only wheat and cotton, to show that the farmer is injured by the supposed scarcity of money. Now it is true that both wheat and cotton have fallen in price since 1873; but it is perfectly clear that the price-line of wheat and cotton has no correspondence whatever with that of silver. This may be clearly seen from the above chart. On this chart it has been convenient to add a line showing the increase of wages contemporaneous with the fall in the value of wheat. The insufficiency of an inference drawn from only two commodities like cotton and wheat would be patent to any statistician; but in cotton and wheat "Coin" has selected the two agricultural products whose prices are mainly governed in the markets of the world outside our own boundaries. Therefore their prices, so largely governed by the competition of new cotton- and wheat-growing districts in all parts of the world, could have been little affected by internal conditions in the United States. How could an act of Congress in 1873 have modified in any way the physical conditions of wheat or cotton growing in Argentina or India?

This result is obvious at a glance in the chart giving the price movements of corn, oats, and mess-pork. The deceitfulness of "Coin's" argument in regard to the farmer, however, is apparent at once in his omission to take account of other and more important

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products of the average farmer. If we compare the prices[1] of corn, oats and mess-pork in 1873 with those of 1894, we see that these important articles to the farmer have not fallen since 1873; but, as compared with corn, oats and mess-pork, silver has fallen one-half.

But this is not the whole of the story for the farmer. These articles have not fallen; but all the articles of his consumption have fallen very considerably, as may be seen by the following table:

Year.	Food.	Clothes and clothing.	Fuel and light.	Metals and implements.	Lumber and building materials.	Drugs and chemicals.	House-furnishing goods.	Miscellaneous.	All articles.
1860.....	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	110.0	100.0	100.0
1873.....	115.2	121.5	119.4	115.2	152.5	125.6	96.8	117.5	122.0
1879.....	97.6	91.1	95.3	88.4	115.1	110.9	68.6	102.1	96.6
1891.....	103.9	81.1	91.0	74.9	122.3	86.3	70.1	95.1	92.2

Moreover, the manufactured implements of hardware used by the farmer have fallen so extraordinarily from lowered cost of production that a much less quantity of farm products is needed to buy the same implements than in 1873. It will be seen that even in the case of wheat (which has fallen) a less number of bushels of wheat will buy the same implements to-day than in 1873:

Implements.	Bu. wheat.		Bu. corn.		Bu. oats.	
	1873	1889	1873	1889	1873	1889
One-horse steel plough (wood beam).....	6.4	3.8	19.1	8.5	27.0	11.5
One-horse iron plough (wood beam).....	4.9	2.7	14.7	6.2	20.8	8.3
Two-horse sidehill or reversible plough..	17.6	13.7	52.9	31.2	75.0	41.7
One potato digger.....	19.6	10.2	58.8	23.4	83.3	31.2
Old-fashioned tooth harrow.....	14.7	8.9	44.1	20.3	62.5	27.0
One-horse cultivator.....	6.8	4.7	20.5	10.9	29.1	14.5
One-horse mower.....	83.3	61.6	250.0	140.6	354.1	187.5
Common iron garden rake (10 tooth, steel) per doz.....	11.7	5.1	35.2	11.7	50.0	15.6
One-horse horse power.....	44.1	34.2	132.3	78.1	187.5	104.1
Binder.....	277.7	184.9	769.2	421.8	857.1	562.5
Corn sheller (1 hole).....	11.2	8.2	33.8	18.7	47.9	25.0
Common hoes (cast-steel socket) per doz.	6.3	4.7	19.1	10.9	27.0	14.5
Common rakes (wood) per doz.....	2.9	2.4	8.8	6.2	12.5	8.3
Scythes (Ames grass) per doz.....	15.7	10.2	47.0	23.4	66.6	31.2
Scythe snaths (patent) per doz.....	10.8	6.1	32.3	14.0	45.8	18.7
Shovel (Ames) per doz.....	17.6	13.0	52.9	29.6	75.0	39.5
Spades (Ames) per doz.....	18.1	13.7	54.4	31.2	27.0	46.6
Total.....	569.4	388.1	1645.1	886.7	2048.2	1187.7

[1] Compiled by Mr. Robert Moore, the well-known engineer, and Mr. Geo. E. Leighton, both of St. Louis. The prices of corn and oats are farm prices.

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If it were necessary to go farther in exposing the inaccuracies, or misrepresentations, of "Coin," we might speak of his ridiculous rant about the misery and destitution of the laboring class brought about by the demonetization of silver in 1873. This act was "a crime because it has made thousands of paupers" (p. 112). Here again it is only necessary to quote the authentic data on wages (Senate Report on Wholesale Wages and Prices, vol. i., p. 180):

Year.	Wages.	
	Simple average.	Average according to importance.
1860	100.0	100.0
1865	66.2	68.7
1870	133.7	136.9
1873	148.3	147.4
1875	140.8	140.4
1880	141.5	143.0
1885	150.7	155.9
1890	158.9	168.2
1891	160.7	168.6

Not only does a laborer get more gold for his work in 1891, as compared with 1873, in the ratio of $160.7 to $148.3; but, as we have seen, the articles of his use have fallen in price. Food has fallen least since 1873, or nearly 10 per cent; clothing 32.2 per cent; fuel 23.7 per cent; metals 35 per cent; lumber nearly 20 per cent; drugs 31 per cent; house-furnishing goods 27 per cent; and miscellaneous articles 10 per cent. That is, not only has the purchasing power of a laborer's wages risen (as prices fell), but his very money wages have risen by 8 per cent since 1873. It is useless to discuss further a book whose assertions have no more foundation for its statements than these. The book is absolutely untrustworthy as to its monetary statistics and facts; its logic is childish; its demogogic appeals to class prejudice are low and unworthy; and it has no claim whatever to economic recognition.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, born in Deerfield, O., in 1850, was graduated at Harvard in 1873, where he became instructor in political economy and later assistant professor. He is now head of the Department of Political Economy and Finance at the University of Chicago. Prof. Laughlin's works include: "Mill's Principles of Political Economy," "The Study of Political Economy," "History of Bimetallism in the United States," "Elements of Political Economy," besides numerous contributions to periodical literature.

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SOUND CURRENCY THE DOMINANT POLITICAL ISSUE.

It was in 1891, the year before the last national conventions, that Mr. Cleveland wrote his famous letter on the importance of maintaining the stability of the currency, and the dangers menacing it through existing and threatened legislation. His unpopularity with the Democratic organization in New York was well known. It was well understood that the choice of the State Convention would fall upon Mr. Hill. In contrast to Mr. Cleveland, the views of Mr. Hill on the subject of silver, and how far the United States might safely go in "protecting" it, were not surely known, and Mr. Hill was not at pains to make any clear statement on the subject. Consequently a large number of influential men in the city of New York and in the State felt obliged to exert all their energies for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland and the defeat of Mr. Hill at the National Democratic Convention in 1892. It is safe to say that most of the men who took part in the "anti-Snapper" movement knew very little about the wickedness charged against the existing State organization, and bore little or no personal animosity toward the leaders. They did know, however, that the managers of the Democratic organization had shut their eyes and ears to the sentiment of the State upon a question which they deemed vital to the interests of the State and country. With a right regard for the views of a vast majority of the Democratic party in New York, the regular State Convention was under obligation to choose a man whose utterances were clear and unmistakably on the side of a maintenance of the stability of the currency.

The dangers threatening the country from an overthrow of the existing basis of values, which, it was recognized, would result from the triumph of any but a "sound-money" candidate, inspired vast numbers of men to go into a party organization which was to claim the field against the so-called Hill-Murphy-Sheehan machine. It was well understood that a reform of the tariff was to be the nominal issue of the campaign, and that all the changes were to be rung upon that theme, but enthusiasm for a reform of the tariff would not have produced for the "anti-Snapper" movement "the sinews of war." What did produce them was the conviction that the triumph of the

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Democratic party, with Mr. Cleveland at its head, would mean a repeal of the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act. A large number of the men who joined actively in the work of organization, though also tariff reformers, could not have afforded to make the numerous self-sacrifices necessary in taking an active part in a canvass on any but such a vital issue as that of the maintenance of the integrity of the currency. The work of these men, happily, was well rewarded, first in the National Convention in Chicago, and subsequently in Congress, by a repeal of the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act.

The nomination of Mr. Cleveland might be called a mere tempest in a tea-pot, compared with the battle to repeal the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act. This required the calling of an extra session of Congress in the summer—and after the whole people had had an object-lesson in the threatened dangers. The severity of this object-lesson in every part of the country is too well known to need much comment. Surely men who had lived to see the financial crises of 1873, 1884 and 1890 were convinced that the crisis of 1893 surpassed all the others combined in its duration and in the extent of its damage.

The expedient of issuing clearing-house certificates adopted by the banks, which it is well understood is fraught with great danger, and possibly cannot be defended from the standpoint of strict right, reached its maximum use, which is some evidence of the extreme proportions that the panic of 1893 assumed. It may be said that it was only these indisputable proofs of the almost irrevocable ruin threatening the commercial and industrial institutions of the country which ultimately drove an unconditional repeal of the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act through the Senate, where "silver" Senators, guided only by their personal advantage, for weeks kept legislation at a deadlock.

The clouds which hung over the country's finances were scattered none too soon. The United States had already pledged its credit to keep more than half a milliard dollars of silver money, besides its "legal-tender" issue, on a parity with gold. Its means to do this rested only upon its high credit and the conviction of the people that it would be used to prevent a parting of gold from silver. The relatively small amount of gold in the Treasury would vanish quickly if a breath of suspicion rested upon the Government's willingness to replenish the store, if need be, and even with this confidence, already two sales of interest-bearing obligations have been necessary to renew the legal minimum gold-reserve of one hundred million dollars.

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In the face of all these experiences the country evidently must renew the battle over silver, and in comparison with what is before us, the struggles of 1892 and 1893 may seem but skirmishes. As in 1891, a full year before the Presidential election, so now in 1895, a full year before the Presidential nominations, the crystallization of opinion must begin. It is already obvious that the Wilson-Gorman tariff act will receive very little notice in the coming campaign literature. The overshadowing subject is to be the treatment of silver by the United States. If the heresies of the silver party are to be made plain it will be only at the expense of great zeal and energy. The difficulties in the way now are greater than they were three years ago. In 1892 the issue might have been fairly considered simply the repeal of the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act, without a bar being thereby placed in the way of new silver enactments; and doubtless many men could and did support and advocate the passage of the repeal simply to clear the way for other legislation. Except in the Senate the argument then was less irksome than now, as it hardly carried with it the necessity of a thorough discussion of the whole currency and the questions of monometallism and bimetallism, and the advantages or disadvantages of a gold *versus* silver standard.

The conditions that are now developing call for a fuller discussion of the subject of money than the people of the United States have yet had in their whole history, for it is unlikely that the silver party in its party platform will give a clear utterance of its programme. It may go the length of declaring that it wishes silver coined at the ratio of sixteen to one, but will the silver men give any further details of their programme, so that their proposed enactment can be exposed as impracticable? In all probability not. The platform of the silver party will doubtless be so worded that the members of the party will themselves not know what the silver scheme will be, and all devotees will hold together in the fond illusion that a magic wand, wielded by the United States, will make a silver dollar equal in market value to a gold dollar. It will therefore behoove all men who can throw even a little light on the intricate subject of money to do so, that attack may be directed against every possible fallacy which silver spokesmen may advance.

It was hoped that with the repeal of the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act, European nations having also an interest in the preservation of the value of silver would be disposed to consider the feasibility of an international arrangement; either by an agree-

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ment on coinage at a new ratio more nearly corresponding to the market value, or by a wider use of the metal as money. So far this expectation has not been realized, but it may be said that sufficient time has not been allowed for such development. Of course, so long as the United States was buying silver under the Sherman Act, little or no inclination was manifested to adopt measures which would lend some protection to the value of silver, but we have at least seen of late some small beginnings in Germany and England in this direction. It may not be wise to expect very much from these nations, so firmly seems embedded in the minds of the financial high-priests the fact that a departure from the present secure currency basis—a practical gold monometallism—would be a step backward, and the entering wedge of great danger to the stability of the currency of these countries. From all appearances, however, international coöperation is now to be looked upon by the silver party as a matter of small moment to the people of the United States, and they are apparently again willing for the United States alone to undertake to provide a market for silver at the ratio of sixteen to one.

It must be assumed that that is what is understood by the term "free silver" when used by the silver party. Presumably the effort would be made, in framing legislation, to provide this government bounty only for silver produced in the United States; and even if one were disposed to admit that such a scheme were feasible, nevertheless the financial community would certainly believe that the United States with all its credit would have financial strength only for a short period to carry such a burden. With the fiat value of one dollar given to 412½ grains of silver, nine-tenths fine, when its market value, quoted in the silver market of the world—London,—would show it intrinsically worth but *one-half to two-thirds* of a dollar in gold, it cannot be supposed that the financial community would be disposed to carry in its vaults or pockets this currency of fictitious value if the better currency could, on demand, be obtained in exchange over the counters of the Treasury. So long as faith in the credit of the Government and its ability to redeem might exist, so long might the fictitious value be preserved; but it may be declared, without a moment's hesitation, as an undoubted certainty that the financial community of the country would not have this faith. Its faith in the ability of the United States to preserve parity between the metals would be greatly taxed if ever the silver party should display enough strength to lead the community to believe that it might

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control the Government; and it is more than probable that further recourse to the authority existing to sell interest obligations to acquire gold would barely suffice to protect the parity of the metals. Further sales of bonds would probably have the desired result of preserving the parity of the metals, possibly only when enough should have been sold to pile up a surplus reserve in the Treasury large enough to "tighten" the money market. Through a sufficiently large increase in the interest rates for money a disposition to hoard gold or to export it would meet a check. Besides, naturally, to the extent that the Government would issue bonds and reduce the outstanding volume of silver and legal-tender notes, would it be less subject to demands on its store of gold. And, of course, this operation in its ultimate results is equivalent to the purchase of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one with interest-bearing obligations.

The country would be on the brink of a precipice, and it is possible that it would go over it. If it did not, at least there would be great disturbance in trade and industry, and an unsettlement which would bring the worst results. The triumph of the silver party with the avowed programme of legislating for free silver, even if its application were to be only to the products of mines in the United States, would throw the country forthwith upon a silver basis.

Now the silver people probably want two things, or one of two things. Either they want silver producers in the United States to receive a bounty, or they want what they call "cheap" money. It is sure that a tyro in finance could logically show that their aim would prove itself entirely illusory. Take the wish for a bounty to the silver producers in the United States: only so long as the credit of the United States would suffice to keep the two metals on the parity at present existing would the bounty exist. The moment the two metals should be torn apart, values of all commodities and the price of labor would be adjusted accordingly, that is, they would still find their measure, as before, in gold, with the premium which would then exist added. So the owner of bullion receiving the coined silver dollar would find its purchasing power no greater than it was when he performed the simple operation of selling bullion at the price fixed in the market of the world. If the silver man's dream has been cheap money, he will find that that desideratum is not attained by dishonesty or the destruction of confidence. The inflation of the circulating medium will not be stimulated if gold and silver part company, because the mine-owner then will not find the bounty he has

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grasped at. And even were an inflation of the currency to follow the free coinage of silver, it needs very little experience in financial affairs to assert it as an axiom that not inflation—not a large amount of circulation *per capita*—makes what is called cheap money; but it is a perfection of methods of clearance and exchange, and confidence in trade and in the industrial situation and, naturally, faith in the integrity and solvency of borrowers.

If we go back to 1873 we find it an invariable rule that money has commanded the lowest rates of interest when the country was suffering from the effects of crises, and when enterprise and confidence had for the time being been destroyed. At those times money commanded low rates of interest, but it was not cheap money because there was no use for it. With enterprise and confidence at their acme a high rate for money may even mean cheap money to the borrower, for with him it must be a question of what profit he can make out of the hire of money beyond his own capital, if he have any. It is of no value to the man of affairs that money should be offered him at a nominal rate of interest, if enterprise and confidence have been so far destroyed that he can give no employment to the funds tendered him. Therefore it may be truly claimed that a large section of the country which is rather a borrowing one, and which clamors for cheap money, thereby meaning money at a low rate of interest, will meet with a sad disappointment if, in an attempt to lower the rate of interest by inflation of the currency, it concurrently destroys confidence and works annihilation to trade and industry.

There is a certain body of the people who might reap temporarily an apparent advantage from a divorce of gold and silver in the United States. That body consists of those who might thereby be able to repay debts, contracted while gold and silver were kept at a parity, in the depreciated silver coin, and at the same time, through the adjustment of values following a parting of the two metals, realize for their own property the gold price increased to the extent of the premium on gold, which would, according to the immutable laws of trade, be added. It is deplorable to think that there can be a large class in the community who, at the bottom of their hearts, have only this selfish, dishonest motive in view, caring not at all for the overthrow of the parity of gold and silver as at present preserved, nor the increased cost of money growing out of the destruction of confidence, so long as their immediate gain, in the partial payment of their debts, is secured.

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There is more than one way whereby the silver party can be made to realize the mistake they make in thinking that this unscrupulous scheme can be accomplished. The first and best way will be found, when the stability of the currency of the country is still more threatened than it has yet been, in the demand on the part of lenders that repayment of their loans shall be stipulated to be made in gold. This system has found vogue to a large extent already among the cautious and conservative of that part of the financial world known colloquially as "Wall Street." The extension of this stipulation to the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico would be only a matter of detail. Certainly the far West should be prepared for such a stipulation, when even the arch-champion of silver—Senator Stewart of Nevada—has long required the repayment of his money, loaned on mortgages, in gold coin. Another method of protection, but possibly a less effectual one, would be found in the discredit which could be attached to borrowers repaying their debts, contracted while gold and silver were on a parity, in a depreciated currency, and the injury which thereby would be worked to their standing in the business community.

Just as certain States in the Union saw fit, throughout the war, in order to preserve a high credit, to pay their obligations, contracted prior to the war, in the same money that they had received, viz., gold, instead of the depreciated United States legal-tender money, so would many a Western or Southern merchant or borrower of any sort be wisely deterred from any dishonest liquidation of a debt. What might have been excusable even in the period of the war, when the issue of legal-tender money was a major force, could hardly be defended when a depreciated silver currency would be wantonly substituted for a currency consisting of gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, preserved by the still sufficient credit of the Government at a parity. The enactment of free silver coinage would not appreciably stimulate silver production in the United States, nor produce a desired inflation of the circulating medium, nor result in a truly cheaper money.

There is undoubtedly a large percentage of citizens, in both the Democratic and Republican parties, who are friendly to bimetallism. They, however, desire first and foremost that the evil worked by the Sherman Act should be cured, and we should recover from the shock which it gave to the currency system. They recognize that the purchasing-clause of the Sherman Act was not repealed a day too soon, and that it has been with the greatest difficulty only that the parity

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of gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one has been maintained by the United States. They perceive well that the last sale of United States bonds, when analyzed in its details, was unmistakably a purchase of gold at a very large premium. The transaction on its face may have disguised this fact to the masses, but it is certain that even the tyros in finance were well aware that the United States had made a purchase of gold, with a very heavy premium added.

Seeing this, even friends of bimetallism must admit that the time has not yet come to consider how the two metals can be kept in circulation on a parity at an agreed ratio, with a further protection accorded to silver by an additional and continued injection of it into our currency. They must feel that it is too early to debate whether a ratio of sixteen to one should be continued, or some other ratio approximating more nearly to the market value of silver should be adopted, or whether any ratio can be adopted without an international agreement, or whether without agreeing to coinage at an agreed ratio it would be enough to find a wider circulation for silver, and thereby lessen the menacing character it assumes when massed in amounts which would involve the holders in a large loss in the event of the two metals parting company. This section of the people, while having due regard to the large interest the United States has in the maintenance of a good market value for silver, because of the extent of its production in the United States, and earnestly wishing to see a measure of protection accorded to silver, will not place themselves in the ranks of a free-silver party. They will not do it because their own common sense and experience teach them that free silver does not mean the circulation of gold and silver on a parity at a ratio of sixteen to one, or possibly any ratio. It means the entire disappearance of gold from circulation: it means the purchase and sale of gold as of a commodity: it means silver monometallism pure and simple.

Apart from the attending crisis and convulsions, a change of standard would possibly not be a matter of vast concern if the United States (as President Cleveland well said in his letter of last April) traded only within its own borders; but it must follow that all transactions with other nations, having a gold standard, must involve the collateral or concurrent purchase or sale of gold. Those who lived through the period when the United States was suffering under the existence of the depreciated paper currency know to what extent all transactions are complicated by this fact. While cash transactions might not involve troublesome operations, time transactions would

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mean not alone the purchase or sale of the gold, but also the borrowing and lending of it for long periods, which would require a daily watchfulness to keep the premium in hand, or due, as the case might be, on a parity with the market quotation for gold, and what additional risks, not to speak of additional costs, were thereby imposed upon the business community. But a small portion only of the people of the United States could find advantage in the situation which existed, viz., the middlemen, the gold brokers and gold dealers. It is not difficult to conjure up a picture which must make even the bimetallist, the true bimetallist, pause. It is safe to say that the free-silver platform at this time will not command their support.

Moreover, if there be a properly directed energetic campaign of education, the credit of the United States, which has been pledged to preserve a parity between gold and silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, will be maintained and its faith be unbroken. It is hardly necessary to say that the citizens of the United States will not know old party ties in the face of an issue of this kind. If they do not divide anew, ranking themselves on the side of the support of the Government's honor or against it, at least a large proportion of the Democrats, North and South, will organize themselves on a platform which, in no hesitating terms, will denounce an attempt to put any further strain upon the credit of the United States by an immediate consideration of the silver question, much less by the enactment of a free-coinage law. President Cleveland, in his letter of April 13, wisely says:

> "I will not believe that if our people are afforded an intelligent opportunity for sober second thought, they will sanction schemes that, however cloaked, mean disaster and confusion; nor that they will consent, by undermining the foundation of a safe currency, to endanger the beneficent character and purposes of their Government."

The citizens of the United States who will organize, irrespective of party, for the resistance of further unsettlement of the currency, and for a long postponement of any further legislation to protect silver, unless by international agreement, will win the next Presidential election; and they will have shown themselves the best friends of silver, and assuredly will have performed patriotic service in their defence of the honor of the nation.

WILLIAM SALOMON.

MR. WILLIAM SALOMON, born in Mobile, Ala., in 1852, is a member of the firm of Speyer & Company, one of the leading international banking houses in New York City. He was a staunch supporter of Mr. Cleveland in 1892 and a member of the Committee on Currency of the Reform Club.

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A PREVIOUS ERA OF POPULAR MADNESS AND ITS LESSONS.

THE two questions that doubtless are now uppermost in the minds of all thoughtful men are these—(1) In view of the extent of popular crazes about finance and currency, can the popular judgment be trusted to recover from the infatuation of wild theories and passions and be governed by facts? and (2) in view of the recent decisions by the Supreme Court in the matter of the income-tax, out of which has grown so much criticism of the court as one of the great coördinate branches of the Government, can we hope for the permanent maintenance of the proper coördination of the three great departments of the Government?

No incident in our whole history throws a clearer light on both these inquiries than the attempt to impeach President Johnson in 1868; and a brief narrative, showing the degree of popular excitement and popular error, ought to be instructive now—especially since but little is known by the present generation of the temper of that time. Yet, in spite of the popular forgetfulness, next to the War of the Rebellion, the impeachment trial was the most important and critical political event, involving possibly the gravest consequences, in the entire history of the Republic.

The fact that none of the many predicted misfortunes has come to the country from the failure of the impeachment has softened the asperities then engendered, till the general public judgment has justified the gentlemen who assumed the responsibility of its defeat. This responsibility was assumed by the seven Republican members of the Senate who voted against the impeachment. These seven Senators were: Wm. Pitt Fessenden, of Maine; Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois; James W. Grimes, of Iowa; John B. Henderson, of Missouri; Joseph S. Fowler, of Tennessee; Peter G. Van Winkle, of West Virginia; Edmund G. Ross, of Kansas.

It is of record that Mr. Lincoln in a measure, and that Mr. Johnson to a pronounced degree, objected to all propositions that contemplated the treatment of the South simply as a conquered people who

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had forfeited all rights under a common government and were by the laws of nations entitled to no concessions, or even consideration in the proposed measures of reconstruction. That Mr. Lincoln had little sympathy with that theory is shown by his method for the restoration of the Southern States, set out in the North Carolina Proclamation. This, as a basis of reconstruction, was originally conceived by him; and that Mr. Johnson was in sympathy with Mr. Lincoln's plan is made plain by his adoption and attempt to put that Proclamation into operation. As to the main contention—the Reconstruction of the South—in evidence of Mr. Lincoln's position on this subject, which was also Mr. Johnson's, it is of record that Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, as early as 1863, directed Mr. Dayton, then the United States Minister to France, to say to the Emperor Napoleon, whose intervention had been sought in behalf of the Confederacy, that "all the revolted States had to do, to reoccupy their seats in Congress, was to lay down their arms, and obey the law." Mr. Lincoln always maintained, as did Mr. Johnson, the indivisibility of the Union,—that the Resolutions of Secession were null and void, and that the States were never out of the Union; but that they retained inherently their State autonomy and their constitutional rights and privileges as before their revolutionary acts,—that all they had to do was to lay down their arms, resume their duties as peaceful, loyal citizens, and reëstablish their representation in Congress. The terms he proposed to formally offer them are set out in the case of North Carolina, and clearly indicate his convictions and what was to be his policy in that regard. How the revolted States could be most safely and expeditiously restored to their constitutional relations to the Union was the momentous question of the hour, upon which there were views and schemes as varied and antagonistic as the mental differences and political antagonisms of those who felt called upon to engage in the herculean work. As history had recorded no similar conditions, and, therefore, no demand for the solution of such a problem, there were no examples or historic lights for the guidance of those who essayed the task.

The subjugated States were still States of, though not technically States in, the Union,—a condition that could not be safely permitted to continue for any indefinite period. It would be utterly inconsistent with the purpose of the war, incongruous to the American system or idea of government, and antagonistic to American political, or even commercial and social, autonomy. In these purposes and

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methods Mr. Lincoln appears to have had the active sympathy and coöperation of his entire Cabinet, more especially of his Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton is understood, from the record, to have been, in a measure, the author of the plan of reconstruction finally agreed upon in the later meetings of the Cabinet immediately prior to Mr. Lincoln's death. This plan was embodied in the North Carolina Proclamation.

The dominant element of the party which had elected Mr. Johnson acquiesced for a time in the measures adopted by the President, but, during the summer of 1865, frictions developed between Mr. Johnson and those who on Mr. Lincoln's death had assumed the leadership of the party, in reference to this and other matters of administration, and they came gradually to take the opposite ground,—that the States lately in rebellion had destroyed themselves by their own act of war, and had thereby forfeited all the rights of Statehood and were but conquered provinces, subject solely to the will and at the disposal of the conqueror. It was here that their ways parted and widened from day to day, and month to month, till bitter hostility, political and personal, came to mark even their official intercourse. So, in the strife that ensued, as it became embittered from month to month, Mr. Johnson's moderate, conservative views, radically expressed, in regard to what should be the methods of reconstruction and the restoration of the Union, found little favor with the mass of the veterans of the Union armies who had but just returned from the victorious fields of the South. Their blood had not yet cooled after the fury and heat of the strife and the elation of victory, while too many who had witnessed the horrors of war at a safe distance, with the cessation of hostilities in the field, to which they had been only too anxious spectators from their counting-rooms and work-shops, became suddenly enthused over issues that others had fought out in battle, and vigorously vicious toward Mr. Johnson for presuming to treat the conquered people of the South as American citizens and entitled to the rights of such, after having laid down their arms and peacefully returned to their homes and their respective callings.

That Mr. Lincoln, had he lived, would undoubtedly have pursued much the same general policy of reconstruction, is clearly indicated by the established fact that he had determined to institute precisely the initial methods thereto which Mr. Johnson did inaugurate and attempt to carry out. But Mr. Lincoln's superior ability in statecraft, his rare tact and knowledge of men and his capacity for mould-

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ing public opinion, seeming to follow where he actually led, would have insured a more favorable result. And, more than all else, it can scarcely be doubted that the unbounded confidence of the people in his patriotism and his ability to properly direct public affairs, would have enabled him to dictate terms of reconstruction practically on the lines he had marked out, and would have commanded the general support of the country, notwithstanding the then well-known fact that, at the time of his death, there were indications of the alienation from him of the extreme element of his party, because of his conservative views as to the proper methods in this regard.

It was Mr. Johnson's misfortune that he had not Mr. Lincoln's capacity for so great and so peculiar a task,—that he was pugnacious, self-willed, and, to a degree, non-progressive,—though in all general respects a man of ability, and of a kindly, genial nature. Had he been approached by the Congressional chiefs at the outset, in other than a tone of dictation, it is possible that the conditions and the results would have been different, and the disturbing antagonisms which originated in large degree from lack of reciprocal respect and mutual coöperation would never have arisen. This, with other causes of difference between the President and Congress, led to the attempted impeachment, after the power to impeach the President had lain dormant since the organization of the Government,—practically eighty years—apparently never thought of as a means for the satisfaction of political animosities or alleged political crimes, even in the heated controversies between President and Congress that had theretofore arisen. Nor could any attempt at impeachment have been made at this time but for the vast numerical disparity between the two political parties of the country that then existed. These conditions gave sheer party spirit the best possible opportunity to run wild. There were in the Senate 42 Republicans and 12 Democrats. In this vast disparity between the two partisan divisions, no Democratic votes were necessary to convict, nor could Democratic votes alone acquit.

His veto of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, and the passage of that bill over his veto, naturally intensified the strained relations theretofore subsisting between himself and Congress. He not unnaturally or unreasonably regarded that Act as an uncalled for and unconstitutional infringement of the Executive function, and as an usurpation by Congress of a prerogative vested in him by the Constitution which it was his duty to his office to resent.

This condition of strife intensified, and the breach between Con-

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gress and the President continued to widen from month to month, till the open rupture came upon his official notification to the Senate, on February 21, 1868, of his removal of Mr. Stanton from the office of Secretary of War, and his appointment of Gen. Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary *ad interim*, notwithstanding the interdiction of the Tenure-of-Office act.

Immediately upon receipt of this notification, the last, long, intense struggle was begun. It was on the 16th of May, 1868, when the Senate assembled for the purpose of taking final action on the indictment brought by the House, the trial of which had occupied most of the time of the Senate for the previous three months, and which had, to a large degree, engrossed public attention, to the interruption of public affairs pending in the two Houses of Congress, and more or less to the embarrassment of the commercial activities of the country. For the first time in the history of the Government, the President was at the bar of the Senate on an accusation, of the House of Representatives, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and his conviction and expulsion from office demanded in the name of all the people.

Save the War of the Rebellion, no event has ever before occurred so to arouse public antipathies and public indignation against any man, and those antipathies and that indignation found especial vent in Washington, which had become during the trial the central point of the politically dissatisfied element of the entire country. The streets and all places of gathering had swarmed for many weeks with representatives of every State of the Union, demanding in a practically united voice the deposition of the President,—and a new deal.

The Diplomatic Corps of practically every organized government on earth occupied the places set apart for them in the galleries of the Senate Chamber. To them it was a most extraordinary and novel spectacle. Born, reared and educated under aristocratic conditions, based upon the dogma that the king rules by divine right and can do no wrong and from whose edict there can be no appeal, the spectacle of the Chief Executive of a nation of people greater in numbers, in wealth, in education, and in their equipment for the discharge of the duties and of government and vastly greater in physical resources than any they represented, being brought as a culprit to the bar of its highest tribunal on an inquiry why he should not be divested of his great office, was one so extraordinary in its nature as to be beyond their comprehension. Their faces were a picture of amazement yet of rapt intensity in their observance of the proceeding.

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As the hour approached for the beginning of the day's session, the vast concourse that filled the galleries, the lobbies and much of the floor of the Senate Chamber, gradually lapsed into silence. The impressive dignity of the occasion was such that there was little need of the admonition of the Chief-Justice to abstention from conversation on the part of the audience during the proceeding. No one there present, whether friend or opponent of the President, could fail to be impressed with the tremendous consequence of the possible result of the prosecution about to be reached. The balances were apparently at a poise. It was apparent at last—every Senator's position being known but my own—that a single vote would be sufficient to turn the scales either way.

After the preliminary proceeding usual to the assembling of the Senate, an order was moved that the vote be taken first on the Eleventh Article—the crucial article of impeachment—and then to proceed with the others in their order. It was apparent that this very singular move had been previously agreed upon, as there was no dissent except from one or two Democrats; it had been understood, and created no surprise among the advocates of impeachment. The order was read as follows:

"Ordered, that the Chief Justice, in directing the Secretary to read the several articles of impeachment, shall direct him to read the Eleventh Article first, and thereafter the other ten successively as they stand."

The vote on this proposition, thirty-four to nineteen, showed the same totals that a few minutes later were given on the Eleventh Article. That vote of nineteen against changing the order of voting was in a sense a foreshadowing of disaster to the impeachment.

To a very large number of people in Washington who had come from distant homes in pursuit of appointments under the new administration, and who had been day by day importuning Senators in behalf of that change, the vote about to be taken meant the fruition of their hopes and plans, or disastrous failure,—disastrous in more ways than one. And in that throng on the floor of the Senate Chamber, even in that solemn hour, there were not lacking efforts to induce votes in behalf of the impeachment scheme,—but they failed.

The Eleventh Article was then read, and the Chief Justice ordered the call of the roll. The result of the vote was as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morrill of Maine, Morrill

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of Vermont, Morton, Nye, Patterson of New Hampshire, Pomeroy, Ramsay, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, Wade, Willey, Williams, Wilson and Yates,—35.

Nays—Messrs. Bayard, Buckalew, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Hendricks, Johnson, McCreery, Norton, Patterson of Tennessee, Ross, Saulsbury, Trumbull, Van Winkle, and Vickers,—19.

After numerous conflicting motions the Court then adjourned to June 26. Of course, the purpose, and the only purpose, of this adjournment was to gain time. What the friends of the enterprise had manifestly considered the strongest count in the indictment against Mr. Johnson had been defeated, and it was apparent that it would be folly to hazard a vote on any other at that time. There was a possibility that changes might occur in the personnel of the Senate in the interim. As but one article had been put to vote there was a further possibility that influences could be brought to bear to secure the support of an anti-impeaching Senator on one or more of the articles yet to be voted on. Many contingencies were possible during the next ten days for a reversal of this action of the Senate. At all events, everything would be hazarded by permitting further immediate action, while the situation could be rendered no worse by delay, and time and other mollifying influences and conditions might bring changes more promising of success.

The next ten days were days of unrest,—of anxiety to all who were involved or in any way interested in the impeachment proceeding. While the result on the 16th gave hope and confidence to the opponents of the impeachment movement, it caused little or no perceptible discouragement to its more radical friends. They were more active and pertinacious than ever. The footsteps of the anti-impeaching Republicans were dogged from the day's beginning to its end and far into the night, with entreaties, considerations, and threats, in the hope of securing a reversal of the action of the 16th. The partisan press of the States, represented by the anti-impeaching Republicans, came daily filled with vigorous animadversions upon their action, and not a few threats of violence upon their return to their constituents.

So confident at one time were some of the impeachers in the success of their scheme that a complete list of Cabinet Ministers for the new administration had been slated, and most of the foreign missions, and other principal "plums" at home, were held out as tempting prizes

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to those who had votes to give in the Senate and friends outside to reward for favors received, and it was current in the inner political circles of Washington, so implicit was the confidence felt by some of the leaders of the movement in successful impeachment, that the triumphal march from the White House was marked out and solemnly traversed on the night preceding the anticipated change in the Presidency.

These are not pleasant facts to contemplate, but they somewhat conspicuously characterized the conditions of that time, and illustrate the real nature of the impeachment scheme. They boded the control of the Government by the worst element of American politics. It is unnecessary to say what that control would have involved. During all the previous history of this Government,—its wars and political turmoils,—the democratic-republican forms that characterized its administration had never faced so insidious a danger as during that hour. It was a crucial test, and the result was a magnificent vindication of the wisdom and patriotism of the founders of our composite form of government. Its results have but strengthened those forms and broadened the scope of the beneficent political institutions that have grown up under and characterized its operation. It was a test such as probably no other form of government on earth could have successfully passed.

It was in that sense, and to a pointed degree, that in the impeachment and trial of Andrew Johnson the quality of coördination of the three great Departments of the Government,—the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial,—was directly involved. The House of Representatives was prosecutor, the President was defendant, the Senate was sitting as the trial court in which the Chief-Justice represented the Judicial Department as presiding officer; and the anomaly of the situation was increased and its gravity intensified, by the fact that the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, Mr. Wade, who stood first in the line of succession to the Presidency in case of conviction, was permitted, in a measure, indeed, forced by his pro-impeachment colleagues on a partisan division of the Senate, to sit and vote as such President *pro tempore* for the impeachment and removal of the President whom he was to succeed.

This whole incident accentuates the danger to our composite form of government. The coördination between the great departments was repeatedly and emphatically denied by conspicuous and influential members of Congress during the initial proceedings of the im-

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peachment movement, and even on the floor of the Senate by the managers of the impeachment. To illustrate:

Mr. Bingham, in the House, February 22, 1868, announced the extraordinary doctrine that "there is no power to review the action of Congress." Again speaking of the action of the Senate on the 1st of February, on the President's message announcing the removal of Mr. Stanton, he said: "Neither the Supreme Court nor any other court can question or review this judgment of the Senate." Mr. Butler, in his opening speech to the Senate, at the beginning of the trial, used this language:

> "A constitutional tribunal solely, you are bound by no law, either statute or common, which may limit your constitutional prerogative. You consult no precedents save those of the law and custom of parliamentary bodies. You are a law unto yourselves, bound only by the natural principles of equity and justice and that *salus populi suprema est lex.*"

The purpose of all this was apparent,—that the President was, in effect, to be tried and judged before a Court of Public Opinion, and not before the Senate sitting as a High Court of Impeachment, that he was to be tried by the Senate sitting in its legislative capacity, that in this high judicial procedure Senators were still acting as a legislative body, simply as Senators, and not in a judicial capacity, as judges and jurors,—and therefore not bound specifically, by their oaths as such, to convict only for crimes denounced by the law, or for manifest high political misdemeanors. It meant that they could take cognizance of and convict on alleged partisan prejudices and partisan predilections,—that it was not essential that the judgment of Senators should be confined to the specific allegations of the indictment, but that the whole range of alleged political and partisan misdemeanors and delinquencies could be taken into account in seeking a pretext for Mr. Johnson's conviction.

History affords too many illustrations of that tendency to decadence and disruption from disregard of the proper and necessary checks and balances in the distribution and equalization of the powers of government, to permit us to doubt what the final end would have been had the President been removed on the maintenance of this unsubstantiated accusation preferred by the House of Representatives. Our peculiar system of political government—a democratic-republic—passed the danger point of its history in that hour. And no strain that has since come, or seems likely to come, is so severe; for this was indeed a narrow escape. The country then passed the most

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threatening period of its history,—but passed it safely. The result was the highest possible testimonial to the strength and endurance of properly adjusted democratic institutions that history records. It emphasized, moreover, not only the capacity of the American people for intelligent, orderly and effective self-government, but also the strength and endurance of our popular forms, which seemed equal at last to any task. It was a profound surprise to those habituated to different political conditions. They had witnessed with astonishment the quiet disbandment of a million men but yesterday engaged in mortal strife, the vast armies as peacefully returning to former vocations as though from a great parade,—and now, from a state of civil convulsion that in many another nation would have produced armed collision and public disorder, they saw an entire people quietly accepting the verdict of the highest authoritative body of that land. It was a splendid, world-wide tribute to the strength and endurance of our system of popular government and of trust in the people.

As evidence of the supreme height to which popular feeling ran, I subjoin a few incidents. Governor Oglesby of Illinois sent the following dispatch, and similar dispatches came from conventions and meetings of all sorts, to the Senate or to members of the Senate:

"The usurpations of Andrew Johnson have created a profound sensation in this State. His last act is the act of a traitor. His treason must be checked. The duty of Congress seems plain. The people of Illinois, attached to the Union, I firmly believe, demand his impeachment, and will heartily sustain such action by our Congress. The peace of the country is not to be trifled with by this presumptuous demagogue. We know the National Congress will proceed wisely and cautiously, but let it proceed. Millions of loyal hearts are panting to stand by the stars and stripes. Have no fear. All will be well. Liberty and order will again triumph."

I remarked to Mr. Sprague, Senator from Rhode Island, while we were passing out of the chamber at the close of the session to which the House impeachment had just been reported: "Well, Sprague, the thing is here; and, so far as I am concerned, though a Republican and opposed to Mr. Johnson and his policy, he shall have as fair a trial as an accused man ever had on this earth." This remark, being overheard by others in the throng, went broadcast upon the street, and impeachment circles were soon aghast with the rumor that "Ross was shaky." The report went upon the wires that "Ross was shaky and must be looked after," and from that hour not a day passed that did not bring me, by mail and telegraph and in personal intercourse, appeals to "stand fast" (for impeachment), and not a few

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were the admonitions of condign visitations upon any indication even, of lukewarmness in "the cause." The following telegraphic dispatch signed by D. R. Anthony "and one thousand others" illustrates in a mild degree the nature of the "pressure" attempted to be brought upon Senators who were not open and unhesitating in pronouncing their verdict for conviction in advance of the close of the trial: "Kansas has heard the evidence and demands the conviction of the President." To this the following answer was returned the same day: "I do not recognize your right to demand that I shall vote either for or against conviction. I have taken an oath to 'do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws,' and trust that I shall have the courage and honesty to vote according to the dictates of my judgment, and for the highest good of the country." Every mail brought dispatches of this sort to Senators, and guarded verbal propositions, purporting to come even from the inquisitors, as to the value of a vote for conviction, were not uncommon.

All subsequent dangers and political crises seem tame beside the frenzy of this occasion. But as soon as the effort at impeachment failed the vast organization that had grown up to further it melted away. In spite of the unprecedented height to which partisan hatred reached and the utter wildness of public opinion, a sound and even a just public opinion again reasserted itself. In spite, also, of the grave dangers to the proper coördination of the great Branches of the Government, this coördination was gradually again restored. The pendulum seems to swing back and at last to regain its proper motion after every great disturbance. What a tribute this is both to the essential soundness of Public Opinion at last in the Republic and to the wisdom of the fathers who so wisely established the enduring form of our Government!

E. G. Ross.

THE HON. EDMUND GIBSON ROSS, upon whose vote hung the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, was born in Ashland, O., Dec. 7, 1826. In 1866 he was appointed by the Governor of Kansas to the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the suicide of Gen. James H. Lane. The most notable incident of his senatorial career was the part he took in the impeachment trial of President Johnson. Although a Republican and despite the fact that the impeachment was from the first made a strict party question, Senator Ross was early persuaded that there had been nothing in the President's conduct justifying the extreme measures proposed by the advocates of impeachment, and, possessing the courage of his convictions, decision as to how his own vote should be cast was, therefore, taken without delay. Mr. Ross is now engaged in writing a history of the impeachment trial, of which his present article will form a part.

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SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS TO TEACH ART TO THE MASSES.

WORK OF AN ART-ASSOCIATION IN WESTERN TOWNS.

LITERATURE has a home in nearly every Northern town of the United States in a public library, often highly creditable both as a building and for its contents, and no town is without its theatre in which the drama of our day (such as it is) finds presentation; but most of our towns, and even some of our cities, are without public galleries for sculpture and painting. The people, therefore, are uninstructed in regard to painting and sculpture, especially as to the work and aims of living men. I do not forget the work done by the women's clubs, and by the various "study-clubs" and "literary clubs" of the immediate present. They have multiplied with great rapidity since the World's Fair. But the chance to see, face to face, the artist and his work is for the most part denied these studious and appreciative people. Many of them have studied for years the history of art. They know about the "Impressionist School," the "Fontainebleau group," the "Glasgow group," and so on. They have concerned themselves, perhaps, with the question of the "characteristic" in painting, the value of line to color, the subordination of detail, and yet they have not seen the work done by men whose minds tend to one or the other of these groups. The walls of American homes are, as a rule, hung with pictures of the crudest sort. Even in the fine homes of the cities, it is the exception to find pictures worth a second glance. Taste has not really been considerably raised by reading. The thing most needed is contact with the actual work of the artist. Yet, with all this crudeness and bad taste, there is a pathetic desire to do better. People, especially the women, long to share in all that is brightest and best in art. This desire was strengthened mightily by the World's Fair. Thousands came to see the living art of our day for the first time there, and the growth of art-leagues was enormously stimulated.

It was with a knowledge of these facts that the Central Art Asso-

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ciation of America was formed a year ago. It took for its motto "For the promotion of good art and its dispersion among the people." The original idea was a sort of Chautauqua-system for the study of art, but the idea was broadened to include the exhibition of works of art, and the encouragement of art-collections. Its objects are: To associate the artist and the lovers of art in a common league; to connect the various art-clubs and "study-clubs" into one central association for mutual aid; to arrange courses of study in American art and also in modern French and English art; to furnish exhibitions of American sculpture and painting at the bare cost of moving, insuring and housing its pictures; to encourage, by friendly and frank criticism, and by special exhibitions, original and characteristic American art, and to encourage the sale of pictures to American families, to the end that the artist shall receive his reward and the American home be made more beautiful and refined; to supply lecturers of sound and progressive views at special rates.

The Association has had barely six months for practical work and it had no money to start with. It pays no salaries to its officers and receives no commissions on sales of pictures. It is supported by gifts and by its membership fees of one dollar per annum. It has held exhibitions in a dozen towns, in some of which an exhibition was never before held, and it has held several important special exhibitions in Chicago for the purposes of encouraging the work of new men. It has won the respect and confidence of the artists of the country and has given a strong impetus to the art of the West. The press of Chicago has been hearty in its coöperation to further the exhibitions and the other plans of the Association. The study courses have been adopted by hundreds of clubs, and the courses are followed month by month through "The Arts," the semi-official organ of the Society. It has issued brochures emphasizing the principles of individualism and originality in art, and many lectures have been delivered upon painting and sculpture by men who are themselves artists, with illustrative drawings and actual modelling in clay, and also with groups of illustrative canvases and figures in plaster.

All this is little enough, but the Association faces another year with better plans and a better equipment. Mr. Van Laer will continue his course in American painting. Mr. Lorado Taft will continue his direction of the study-course in modern art, and, to fit himself for it, he has again gone abroad for study. Arrangements are completed for the circulation of boxes of bronze and plaster reproductions of sculp-

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ture, and books of prints. A list of lectures is prepared to be given by eminent artists on music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and interior decoration. A bureau of criticism will be formed, to which young artists in isolated towns may send their work for helpful criticism, without other expense than the cost of transportation. Through the influence of the Association, prizes are to be secured for best work in various lines of art, and every possible stimulus will be given to the production of original art, without regard to school,—original art will naturally be American and vital.

The ease with which we can arrange these plans will depend upon the response of the towns to our offer. Circuits are being arranged so that the exhibitions can move from town to town at the lowest expense. It is now possible for towns of ten thousand inhabitants (or even smaller) to have from one to four exhibitions during the year. These things are made possible very largely through the enthusiasm, generosity and executive ability of Mr. Lorado Taft, whose fine studio was the distributing point for the Association last year. He is a native of the West, and feels the call to do everything within reason for art in a land of trade.

The method of the circulating exhibition is this: The Association agrees to furnish the exhibit, whether large or small, at cost to any town, provided it has an affiliated league of at least thirty members. With all large exhibits, the Association will send a man to look after the packing. It will send a lecturer if desired. The local leagues may charge a small fee if they feel it necessary, but no commissions are allowed on sales. Checks are made out direct to the artist, for the Association wishes to be clear of all suspicion of money-making. For example, the town of Janesville, Wis., through the Association, was able to hold an exhibition of one hundred and fifty canvases at an expense of less than fifty cents per canvas. This little city had never had an exhibit of paintings before and the effect was very marked. The people were jubilant over it. At Lincoln, Neb., through the local league, at the head of which was Mr. Canfield, Chancellor of the University, an exhibition of more than one hundred canvases was held during the annual convention of the teachers of the State. The exhibition-hall was crowded, and the effect of this exhibition upon the lives of the teachers cannot be estimated. It is worth remembering that the local league made more than its expenses and made some sales. This is the common query: "Why can't we have such an exhibition made permanent?" In La Crosse, Wis., where I held a

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small exhibition of fifty pictures and eleven bronzes, many people uttered the same thought,—"We need a permanent gallery." In Peoria, Ill., through the influence of our local league, the plans for the new public library were changed to include a permanent gallery for exhibitions.

If we can convince the people of our towns of the necessity for a permanent exhibition-place for paintings and sculpture, the circulating-exhibition becomes an easy matter. Janesville, Wis., had need to use an empty hotel; Aurora, Ill., where fifty pictures were exhibited, accompanied with lectures by Mr. Lorado Taft and Mrs. T. V. Morse, used a store-building; Minneapolis, where one hundred and fifty canvases were shown, was obliged to fit up a place at great trouble and expense in which to hold its exhibition; other towns used the public library-hall, where light was bad. And yet under such difficulties towns are planning for other exhibitions during the coming season. In Chicago two special exhibitions were held: (1) the Hoosier group of sixty pictures—a very important exhibit; (2) the painting of William Reaugh, the cowboy painter; and the pictures of shipping in Chicago River by James Needham.

To the artist, the circulating exhibition, the study clubs and the lectures of the Central Art Association are of immense value. By them the painter's reputation can become national in scope. His work can be brought before thousands of people who would not otherwise know even his name. His sales also must increase, though that we do not guarantee. The Association aims to send out progressive work, American always. We have a native noble landscape art in America, and the people should know it and enjoy it and pay the artists for it. We do not trade in names. We take good work, no matter whether the name be new or old. We are most deeply interested in seeing good work come from our own Western artists, but above all, we stand for original work, art which is characteristic of the individual artist. The coming year will see less of the exotic, the imitative in painting, sculpture and architecture; and some small part at least of this growth in real American work the Central Art Association (with due modesty) hopes to be held accountable for. The creative impulse abroad in America has never been greater. There is a generation of men and women between twenty and thirty-five years of age whose work will put America in the front rank of artistic nations before the century goes out. There is no end-of-the-century dejection in their productions. HAMLIN GARLAND.

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RESULTS OF PICTURE-EXHIBITIONS IN LOWER NEW YORK.

When it was first proposed to give a free art exhibition to the people of the East Side, there were many who doubted the wisdom of the undertaking, and questions were raised that could be answered only by actual experience. Are the people of the East Side of New York interested in art? Will they attend the exhibition in large numbers, and will they make their visits so frequent as to be benefited by them? Will they "resent the display of the possessions of the rich"? —as has been urged by many. And, finally, why should there be a free art exhibition down-town, on the East Side, in addition to the exhibition daily at the Museum of Art in Central Park?

There have been three art exhibitions on the East Side, and the success attending them is the best answer to these questions. The reason why the gallery at the Museum of Art in Central Park might not fully satisfy the needs of New York City was suggested to me when, on a visit to Toynbee Hall, at the East End in London, I saw the success of the exhibition held there to supplement the display at the National Portrait Gallery. Toynbee Hall occupies in London a position like that of the University Settlement Society in New York. The residents at the Hall are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who unselfishly devote their time and their energies to the betterment of the condition of the population in Whitechapel Parish. They decided to supplement their work by an art exhibition, and, to their surprise, they found the interest of the people in their neighborhood so keen, that the first exhibition was attended by more than 50,000 visitors in four weeks.

Having personally seen the success of this experiment in London (for it was successful not only in numbers but in its results), I suggested to the University Settlement Society in New York that the same effort be made here; and within a few weeks the first free art exhibition on the East Side was opened. The Society rented rooms for the purpose at the corner of Grand and Allen Streets, and opened the exhibition to the public on Monday, June 20, 1892. The closing day was July 31. During this period of forty-one days the exhibition was visited by 36,095 persons. The average daily attendance was 880; the average attendance on the twelve Saturdays and Sundays was 1,366.

The second exhibition was held in the summer of the following

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year at the rooms of the University Settlement Society, 26 Delancey Street. As this house occupies an ordinary city lot, only twenty-five feet in width, and previous to its occupancy by the Society had been a saloon, it afforded inadequate facilities for such an exhibition. The rooms were narrow, their height was insufficient, and as the exhibition was held from June 17 to July 29, the thermometer often indicating 95° at nine o'clock in the evening, the popularity of art on the East Side was put to a severe test. Yet the record of attendance shows that during the six weeks 56,659 visitors came to the exhibition—an increase of more than 21,000 over the attendance of the previous year. Owing to the universal depression in business, no exhibition was given in the year 1894.

This summer's exhibition, plans for which were undertaken a few months ago, was opened on Tuesday, May 7. It is given under the joint auspices of the University Settlement Society and the Educational Alliance, the Alliance having placed its large auditorium at the disposal of the exhibition committee. The success of this exhibition surpasses the most sanguine hopes that have ever been entertained by those interested in providing free art on the East Side, and it furnishes overwhelming proof of the longing for the beautiful which prevails there as elsewhere. The attendance for the thirty-three days—from May 7 to June 9—was 105,696; the largest number of visitors on any day was 7,244, and the average daily attendance was 3,202.

It has been the successful endeavor of those interested in these exhibitions to procure, so far as possible, representative works of the best schools and classes of art. In the first exhibition there were sixty-six oil paintings, some water-colors, and about twenty sketches in black and white. The artists whose paintings were exhibited included well-known names—American, German, French, and English. There were paintings by Daniel Huntington, William M. Chase, Albert Bierstadt, Cazin, Daubigny, Corot, Gérôme, Lefebvre, and Josef Israels; among the water-colorists represented were Winslow Homer, W. Hamilton Gibson, and Frederick Crowninshield; among the black-and-whites were characteristic examples of Thulstrup, Joseph Pennell, Howard Pyle, W. A. Rogers and George Wharton Edwards. At the second exhibition there were one hundred and seven paintings in oil, a few pieces of sculpture, and pictures in black and white; and the artists were Franz Von Defregger, Cazin, J. Carroll Beckwith, Constant Mayer, Wm. M. Chase, Gérôme, Detaille, Frederick Remington, August Frederick, Wm. A. Coffin,

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Ludwig Knaus, and others. At the recent exhibition there were in all one hundred and twenty-three paintings, and they included the works of such well-known artists as Inness, Grützner, Knaus, J. P. Hasenclever, Ridgway Knight, Gérôme, Madrazo, J. W. Champney, Gabriel Max, Fromentin, Claude Monet, Sir Joshua Reynolds, A. H. Wyant, Detaille, Schreyer, G. H. Boughton and Neuville. The mention of these names shows that the effort to secure a collection representative of the best and highest in art, rather than to make a mere display of large numbers, has been entirely successful.

At these exhibitions it has been the custom to ask the visitors to vote for what they deem the best painting, and at all times the choice of the majority has been found to be consistent with good taste in art, the preference being marked, however, for paintings in which a story may be read, rather than for mere landscapes. Impressionism has found few admirers. One of the visitors wittily remarked, apropos of a decidedly impressionistic work of art, "Why, that is n't a painting; that's paint." In connection with this, the third exhibition, a series of lectures on art has also been provided.

There was reason for grave doubt as to the attitude of the labor-leaders and their followers toward an art exhibition on the East Side. Foremost among them in devotion to labor's cause is unquestionably Mr. Edward King, whose coöperation was sought and obtained for the first exhibition. In describing the attitude of the East Side at the beginning of the exhibition, Mr. King said, in a subsequent report to the University Settlement Society, that there were many among his friends who thought the exhibition "a cleverly disguised trick on the part of the eminent Mugwumps in the University Settlement Society to get a grip on the district in the ante-election months." Others there were who ascribed the exhibition "to the seekers after notoriety, whose real sympathy with the poor could be gauged by their traditional view of the 'slums' as a place where curious specimens of human depravity were to be found, each in its appropriate cell, ready for inspection by the university social pathologist." And finally, Mr. King wrote in his report that a prominent Socialist, representative of his class, "bluntly refused his coöperation, and advised his friends to have nothing to do with us. 'The robbed and the robbers cannot sincerely fraternize,' he said, 'especially when the robber comes asking the robbed to accept as a favor a few crumbs from the feast which is the creation of the latter. . . . The labor movement is a class movement, and nothing should be done to weaken

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the class spirit.'" The East Side labor papers criticised the exhibition from these various standpoints. But the sincerity and good faith of the promoters of the exhibition justified again the fundamental purpose of the University Settlement Society, whose object is "to bring men and women of education into closer relations with the laboring classes in this city, for their mutual benefit." Through a better understanding between the honest and industrious laboring classes and their unselfish, public-spirited fellow-citizens, which can be best obtained through such settlements, much can be done to solve the great economic problems of the age. In a not unimportant way, the East-Side Art Exhibition has been helpful to such a better understanding. Mr. King, who is one of the truest champions of labor, says:—"The result was that the most bitter and radical of the Socialists became our firmest friends, and worked incessantly as 'runners,' guiding droves of people to the exhibition, evening after evening—and the right kind of people, too—by the 'laws of natural selection.' Night after night, their leaders might have been heard explaining, in glowing terms, the special merit of this masterpiece and that particular school of painting, to groups of earnest listeners."

The popularity and success of these exhibitions have been demonstrated beyond a possible doubt; and yet it may be pertinent to ask, Why should there be a free exhibition down-town on the East Side? The need and the reason of it are best shown by a few words concerning the situation of the city.

It may not be an exaggeration to say that the City of New York consists of two cities, one to the north of Fourteenth Street, the other to the south of it. More than one-third of the city's total population of 1,700,000 resides below Fourteenth Street. The density of the population to the square mile is there 150,000, while above Fourteenth Street it is only 30,000. Unfortunately, that part of the city south of Fourteenth Street is the older and is provided with few if any of the advantages that the newer part of the city enjoys. It is almost entirely devoid of park area. As against its few open squares, aggregating only 50 acres, there is to the north of Fourteenth Street a park area exceeding 5,000 acres. Naturally, it is in this lower part of the city that the poorer population is crowded, and so far as it is proper, every effort should be made to improve its condition and the surroundings of the population condemned to reside within it. If residents of this part of the city wish to visit the art-galleries in the Park, the round trip consumes two hours; and it is at a cost of ten

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cents for each member of the family that such a visit is made; yet only by frequent visits can a substantial benefit be gained. The result is seen in these figures: The total attendance at the Museum of Art in Central Park for the year 1894 was 511,881—not more than five times the number of visitors to the third East-Side Art Exhibition, open for only thirty days!

The city government contributes annually to the Museum of Art more than $90,000, and by a very small additional contribution it could require the Museum of Art to provide an additional exhibition, for at least a part of the year, in the lower, overcrowded portion of the town. The average cost of the free art exhibition has been less than $1,500, and an expenditure of so small an amount by the city, that would be sure to accomplish so much good, would be certain to meet with the approval of the best citizens.

In London, the city corporation, appreciating the importance of the results obtained at Toynbee Hall, has undertaken to give annual exhibitions at the Guildhall (the City Hall); and at its fourth exhibition, just closing, there were more than 300,000 visitors. New York should awaken to its obligations to all its citizens; and in time, like the great European capitals, it should provide them with cheap light and street-car service and public baths and laundries at minimum cost. It should then supplement its public education by exhibitions of art and science in various parts of the city, with appropriate lectures, and encourage, more generously than it does to-day, the development of circulating-libraries and reading-rooms.

"Think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

A. C. Bernheim.

THE ART-WORK DONE BY HULL-HOUSE, CHICAGO.

The attempt of Hull-House to make the æsthetic and artistic a vital influence in the lives of its neighbors, and a matter of permanent interest to them, inevitably took the form of a many-sided experiment. The direction of the effort naturally fell into the hands of Miss Starr, one of the founders of Hull-House, who not only feeds her own mind and finds her highest enjoyment in Art, but who believes that every soul has a right to be thus fed and solaced. The first furnishings of Hull-House were therefore pictures. They were

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hung upon all the wall spaces and were largely selected from photographs which the two original residents had the previous year together purchased in Europe.

From the first year Miss Starr has had large and enthusiastic classes in the "History of Art"; a number of the students have attended them consecutively for four years. There is abundant testimony that the lectures and pictures have quite changed the tone of their minds; for they have become, of course, perfectly familiar with the photographs of the best things, and have cared for them, not "as a means of culture," but as an expression of the highest human thought and perception. One of these has bought from her scanty earnings a number of classic works of art which will make her house really charming when she is married next fall, and more than that will be to her the same vital connection with the minds "who have transfigured human life," as a fine library is to the student who has time for constant reading. Within a short walk from Hull-House a little parlor has been completely transformed by the Fra Angelico over the mantel and the Luca della Robbias on the walls, from which walls the picture scarfs and paper flowers have fallen away. A few doors down the street a tiny bedroom has been changed from a place in which a fragile factory girl slept the sleep of the exhausted, into one where she "just loves to lie in bed and look at my pictures; it's so like Art Class."

A small circulating loan collection of pictures has proved a satisfactory part of the attempt to make art a means of education. The collection numbers, at present, not more than seventy pictures, and very little more than one hundred dollars have been expended upon it. The pictures are for the most part photographs selected with great care, from choice things only, whether modern or old, and with a view to variety of appeal to the interest and taste of the borrowers. Some water-color sketches have been given and lent, and the collection contains an Arundel print, and several colored prints of Fra Angelico's angels. The latter are so popular as to be engaged in advance. The loan and return of each picture is recorded, with the date, and the name and address of the borrower, upon a card. It is expected that the picture will be either exchanged or renewed at the end of two weeks. The borrowers frequently become attached to them, and prefer to keep the old one longer rather than to have a new one.

On the occasion of the death of a baby neighbor the resident in

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charge of the pictures placed over the little one two colored Fra Angelico angels, in simple white and gold frames, with no certainty that they would be especially noticed or cared for. The tone of the room was entirely changed by them. Everybody spoke of them. The children said that the angels had come to take their sister, and that they were praying for the baby and singing to her. Some days after the mother asked timidly if she might buy the pictures and keep them in memory of the little one. A wax wreath encircling a coffin-plate hung in the room as a memorial of a child who had died before.

A member of the Hull-House Women's Club holds receptions of an informal kind to show her pictures to the children in her street. Another good mother, who is a graduate of the early Chicago high-schools, but who is battling with life against the odds too often found in a tenement-house, of a drinking husband and ever increasing poverty, takes the pictures from the collection as she takes the books and lectures and social opportunities of Hull-House, not only as that which will sustain her own life, but as that which will enable her to realize for her children some of the things she dreamed out for them. The oldest one of her eight children saw the light in a pretty suburban house which she and the father, a promising State senator, had built. This mother borrowed Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," and read the story of St. Genevieve to her children while they had Puvis de Chavannes's St. Genevieve pictures, and she took the Fra Angelico "Paradise" a second time because she thought it gave the children a pleasant idea of Heaven.

The first building erected for Hull-House contained a little art-exhibit room, carefully planned with a high, dark wainscoting and a north light, that fifty pictures might be exhibited to the best advantage. Since its opening it has had eight loan exhibits: five of oil paintings, one of old prints and engravings, one of water-colors, and another of such photographs as would be most helpful in the public schools. The total number of votes cast for the favorite picture at the last exhibit was 5,988. To quote from Miss Starr:

"An effort has been made in these exhibits to show only pictures which combine, to a considerable degree, an elevated tone with technical excellence, and at no time can a very large assortment of such pictures be obtained. There is an advantage on the side of a small exhibition carefully selected, especially to an untrained public. The confusion and fatigue of mind which a person of no trained powers of selection suffers in passing his eyes wearily over the assortment of good, bad and indifferent which the average picture exhibit presents, leaves

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him nothing with which to assimilate the good when he finds it, and his chances of finding it are small. Frequently recurring exhibitions of a few very choice pictures might do more toward educating the public taste of the locality in which they occur than many times the number less severely chosen and less often seen."

This leads to the "Art in Schools" movement, in which Miss Starr was the Chicago pioneer. With the means at her disposal she has been able to put a number of good pictures into each room of the school nearest to Hull-House. A society has since been inaugurated in connection with the Chicago Woman's Club that has for its object the decorating of all the public schools in the city. Much has already been accomplished in tinting the walls and supplying the rooms with casts and pictures. The significance of the pictures are carefully explained to the children, and there is no doubt that the imagination receives a strong impulse toward the heroic and historic.

JANE ADDAMS.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND, novelist and lecturer, was born in Wisconsin in 1860. Among his books are "Main Travelled Roads," "Jason Edwards," "A Spoil of Office," "A Member of the Third House," "Prairie Folks," and a volume of poems, "Prairie Songs." Mr. Garland stands for first-hand, direct, original work, as distinguished from work on traditional subjects and by traditional methods. He is President of the Central Art Association, which he hopes will "do for Art what the Chautauqua and University extension courses are doing for higher education."

MR. ABRAM C. BERNHEIM, born February 1, 1866, in New York City, is a graduate of Columbia College, and of the Columbia School of Political Science. He subsequently studied at Berlin and became a lecturer at Columbia College on the History of New York State and City. He devotes much time to charitable work; he is a trustee of the Tenement-House Building Company, owning model tenements in Cherry Street, New York City; is a trustee of the Aguilar Free Library, and Treasurer and one of the founders of the University Settlement Society. He is one of the original members of the City Reform Club, and he is a member of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Seventy.

MISS JANE ADDAMS is the daughter of Hon. John H. Addams, for many years State senator from northern Illinois. Since her graduation at Rockford College, Illinois, in 1881, she has been a trustee of the institution. In 1889, with Miss Ellen G. Starr, she opened Hull-House in Chicago, which through their work has become one of the most useful and most widely known institutions in the world for the uplifting of the neglected masses.

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A "PASTORAL LETTER": IS THE CHURCH YET SO TIMID?

THE "Pastoral Letter"[1] put forth with the sanction of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church is a very interesting document. It is full of dignity. It is couched in the good old style of ecclesiastic *Epistolæ*. One might almost think it had been translated (with a little difficulty) out of the Latin. "Certain novelties" have appeared within the Church which seem to be almost subversive of the Christian religion. In consequence of these innovations, the "minds of many of the faithful clergy are disturbed and distressed," and some of the pious laity are so confounded that they scarcely know what to think. Under these sad circumstances, it becomes the duty of the Bishops to take a resolute stand. They have determined, not exactly to go forth to meet the foe on the open field; but rather to entrench themselves within the ramparts of certain ancient documents and venerable theological formulæ, hoping, perhaps, that the *Zeitgeist*, finding them so innocently occupied, will pass by and leave them in peace. It seems to them necessary only to cite certain passages from various Creeds and Articles of Religion, together with other parts of the Church services, in order that the mind of every one may be completely reassured.

Now, if the purpose of these gentlemen, who are held in the highest esteem for their talents and amiable qualities, were to extol only the merits of their beautiful liturgy, or to recommend it, as Keble recommended it, for its "soothing" qualities in the midst of our present unrest, they would deserve nothing but praise. The chaste dignity and the magnificent English of the Book of Common Prayer are

[1] "The undersigned set forth this Pastoral Letter in accordance with authority committed to them by their Brethren of the Episcopate assembled in Council in the City of New York on the eighteenth day of October, being the festival of St. Luke the Evangelist, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four. J. Williams, Bishop of Connecticut and Presiding Bishop; Wm. Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany; F. D. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York; Wm. E. McLaren, Bishop of Chicago; George F. Seymour, Bishop of Springfield; Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York."

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making it every day more and more the classical vehicle of devotion of all English-speaking peoples. If some of its expressions shock us, so do certain of the Psalms. We are accustomed, however, to regard these breaches of good taste with indulgence, as echoes of ruder ages, and not to interpret them too literally.

But, on a careful perusal of the "Pastoral Letter" of our Bishops, we begin to suspect that it was drawn up with a less commendable purpose than to vindicate their own orthodoxy, or to reassure the minds of the faithful. It appears to be a warning to the more thoughtful clergy of the Episcopal Church not to allow their imaginations to stray beyond the intellectual horizon of the Dark Ages, and, in particular, to shun all dangerous "novelties,"—in this case, of course, only a belittling title for the culture and science of civilization. The ominous distinction is drawn between "tolerable opinions" and opinions intolerable. That is a polite way of intimating that one is nearing the end of one's tolerance. The "heresy which would at the altar seek protection" is declared to be worthy neither of "respect" nor "tenderness." Ecclesiastical "tenderness"—what an expression! In short, it would appear as if our Bishops, having reached the limits of their indulgence, for which America has admired them for ten years, are about to drop their peaceful staves, and to grasp the sword, which, neither in the hand of Peter, nor in the hand of any of his successors, was ever anything but an absurd and mischievous weapon.

Let us hope that this is not to be so. The Episcopal Church, though less inclined than the Presbyterian Church to the preoccupations of the purely intellectual life, has always been the home of true culture; that is to say, of liberty of opinion, good manners, mutual respect. The Bishops themselves have contributed not a little to its dignity and success. Their influence extends beyond the pale of their own small communion. There is no body of men in the New World exactly like them. Gentle and sweet in demeanor, men of the world in an honorable sense, inspired with an agreeable consciousness of their own importance, which is sometimes heightened by an innocent singularity of dress,—one would be sorry to see one of these amiable gentlemen lay aside a rôle so full of charm, to play the odious part of inquisitor, or even of a sentencing judge.

There is another fact, too, that even from a Bishop's standpoint, ought not to be forgotten. The intellectual movement of the nineteenth century, or—to confine ourselves strictly to the matter in

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hand—the application of the historical method to the study of religion, is a spiritual phenomenon of the first order. In its importance and far-reaching consequences, it can be compared in modern times only to the Renascence and to the Protestant Reformation. It would have been just as easy to persuade the Italy of Petrarch and Boccaccio, of Raphael, da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Michelangelo and the Medici, to return to the literary and artistic puerilities of the tenth century, as it would be now to induce our age to feel itself bound by the false taste, false philosophy and false science of the General Councils. The dreary subtleties of the Greek theologians, touching reality at no point, no more reflect the mind of Jesus, than the Talmud is the legitimate daughter of the inspired prophets of Israel. Already there are two Bibles, one the traditional volume of the older orthodoxy, a book with seven seals, which no one understands for the very simple reason that it is incomprehensible; the other, the Bible of modern criticism. The former will be honored as the Jews honored their *nomen ineffabile*, by forgetting how to pronounce it. The latter is the most interesting book in the world. It is the history of the human conscience. Fortunately, it is no longer possible to keep the people in ignorance of the results of modern investigation. They are becoming better known every day through translations of the great German and Dutch critics, and through the writings of such men as Dr. Martineau, Canon Cheyne, Robertson Smith and Professor Briggs. The religious articles of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to the great credit of the editors, are abreast of the positive knowledge of the day. The writings of Herbert Spencer and John Fiske, of Lubbock and Tyler,—in one word, the new anthropology and sociology,—have shaken the old theory of the "Fall," with all its consequences, to the foundation, and have created a new and infinitely more worthy conception of man's nature and destiny. The comparative study of religions has taught us many lessons, among others, that to comprehend the substance of the religion of Jesus, of Buddha, of Mohammed or of Confucius, it is necessary to go back to the life and ideas of the founder, which are almost always obscured or forgotten with the lapse of time. The works of Renan, calm, luminous and full of charm, are winning thousands to the study of the most fascinating chapter of the world's history. His splendid "History of the People of Israel" promises to do almost as much for the next generation as the more celebrated but less mature "Life of Jesus" has done for ours.

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The meaning of all this is sufficiently plain. The people have abundant means of learning the truth in regard to their religion, and there is every reason to suppose that the more intelligent and earnest of them are making free use of their opportunities. They are no longer dependent on their clergy as they were in the days when theological literature was of so recondite or so repulsive a nature as to revolt all but professional minds. If the priest of the future is to continue to enjoy respect as a religious teacher, he must not fall behind the culture of the congregation he addresses. It would seem at the present time as if the most useful man in any enlightened community would be one who, in possession of the facts of modern science, philosophy and history, is inspired with a sincere love for Jesus, takes up his infinite problem, and shows us the way. It is the glory of the Episcopal Church to have produced at least one such man of transcendent ability whose message is still echoing throughout the English-speaking world, and it is sad to think that the Church to whom he addressed his noble sermon on the "New and Greater Miracle" should not be large-hearted enough to contain the men who are continuing his work.

Let us repeat that we hope that it is not to be so. The Episcopal Church occupies a really unique position among the churches of our country. More touched with enthusiasm, and better equipped and organized than the Unitarian, less dependent on account of its historical continuity than the other Protestant churches on the intellectual vagaries and preoccupations of any particular generation, respected everywhere for the character of its clergy and laity—it is in a position to render most effective service to the religion of the future. That is a thought which is worth considering: the religion of the future is surely coming. Shall it be with us, or without us? The Episcopal Church, again, has always shown much wisdom in remembering that, after all, "conduct is four-fifths of life." Like the ancient Jewish Church, and like the modern Synagogue, the Episcopal Church has laid more stress on what men do than on what they believe, as is shown in her delightfully ambiguous "Articles," and in her sharply defined "Schools of Churchmanship" which think differently, but work together in perfect harmony. That is the part of true wisdom, for, as Renan's Jew says, "One does what one must, and believes what one can."

In any case, the course our Bishops seem to contemplate would be sure to disappoint them. Persecution, or even prosecution, for opin-

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ion is not the order of the day, at least not in America. There is something slightly absurd in the very idea. The Bishops would not enjoy the rôle of inquisitor and it would not become them. The life of a clergyman is full of restrictions at best. If he is to be forbidden the pleasure of thinking, few would care to enter so miserable a profession. If this persecution were carried out consistently and on a large scale, the result would be a split in the Episcopal Church by which that portion known as the "Broad Church" party would detach itself, as Spinoza detached himself from the Jewish Synagogue, leaving his *confrères* behind him to continue children of Israel, as Lewes says, while he became the child of modern Europe. That, however, is in the highest degree improbable. The clergy of the "Broad Church" school, if one may so describe them, have no wish to found a new sect, and there is no reason to suppose that the Bishops wish to drive out of their communion that function of the Church to which the future surely belongs. A few of the more daring spirits may perhaps be arraigned. These, we may be sure, will not be the rectors of powerful churches, but young, unknown men.

We shall, perhaps, be treated to the melancholy spectacle of another ecclesiastical trial, a trial which on its face is condemned to ignominy, since it makes no effort to discover whether or not the accused holds the truth, but only whether his beliefs can be made to square with the prejudices of the past. It should be remembered that a trial conducted on these principles, on the principles of the trial on which Dr. Briggs was condemned, necessarily would have condemned Galileo; it would have condemned the great Reformers, and even the Apostles themselves, since all these persons were guilty of the crime of discovering something radically new. Such trials are too expensive pecuniarily, and do too much damage to the prestige of the Church to be continued very long or repeated very often. They will do no harm whatever to the movement, which needs a few martyrs to give it concentration and moral dignity. In a short time the Bishops will tire of a rôle so full of ignominy. Then they will say to those whom they have victimized: "Is *that* what you believe? Why, we knew all that before you did." In this instance they will be right over and over again. Scarcely a fact has been brought to light by the candid study of the Scriptures that was not at some time admitted by the Jewish or by the Christian Church. We do not carry our doubts so far as the author of the Book of Job and the skeptic Koheleth carried theirs, who, nevertheless, to the glory of the Jewish Church, enjoy

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an honorable place in the canon of the Scriptures. Our speculations are not so bold as those of Origen or of Justin Martyr, who infinitely preferred a philosopher's cloak to all sacerdotal vestments. The attempt of Howard McQueary to bring the Gospel into line with the theory of evolution, though ill-made, was not more adventurous than the determination of the author of the Fourth Gospel to introduce the speculations of Philo into the most sacred shrine of Christian belief, and there is every reason to believe that the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was considered a "dangerous novelty" about the year 120. If we find it difficult to believe that the Eternal occupied Himself with dictating those minute dietetic and ritualistic observances which the Jews elaborated during the Exile, did not Origen say, "*Embesco confiteri quia tales leges dederit Deus*"? If it is maintained that Joseph was more than the "foster" father of Jesus, such assuredly was the conviction of those two Evangelists (not the authors of the legends of the childhood) who were at such pains to trace the descent of Joseph from David, unless we ascribe to them a *naïveté* that would render them incapable of judging anything correctly. Do the anthropomorphic manifestations of the Deity in ancient times trouble us? The author of the First Epistle ascribed to St. John lays his axe to the root of all such theophanies by his "No man hath seen God at any time." Are miracles unwelcome? We are assured by the "Brother of the Lord" that with the "Father of Lights" is "neither variableness nor shadow of turning." In the same way, St. Paul, who is the first and incomparably the best witness of the resurrection (his testimony dates from about the year 39, or five years after the crucifixion), knows only of a "spiritual" resurrection,—that is to say, of visions and manifestations by which the Risen One "appeared" (ὤφθη) to James and Cephas, just as he "appeared" (ὤφθη) to Paul himself before Damascus. Even in the account in the Gospels, in spite of the "more than ten contradictions" complained of by Celsus, one fact is tolerably certain: The two older narrations (Matthew and Mark) agree that the eleven had left Judea, and had returned to Galilee before they were permitted to behold their risen Master, thereby excluding the contradictory and mutually cancelling particulars of the materialistic apparitions of Jerusalem, and avoiding the difficult question of the empty grave, of which St. Paul also knows nothing. We shall not be deterred by Matthew Arnold's "pumpkin" from saying that this places the whole matter in a much better light, and if only the genuine conclusion of St.

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Mark's Gospel had not been lost, or replaced by the spurious twelve verses borrowed from St. Luke and St. John, the question long ago would have been placed beyond dispute.

There is one other point briefly touched on in the "Pastoral Letter" which deserves more than passing notice. We mean the opinion that would limit our conception of the Old Testament to the views of it entertained by New Testament writers. Now we are quite willing to admit that in their treatment of the books of the Jewish Scriptures the Apostles and Evangelists were, as a rule, decidedly superior to their contemporaries. In comparison with the allegorical vagaries of Philo the exegesis of St. Paul is sober and discreet. Nevertheless it is impossible to approve of the way in which New Testament authors often wrest ancient texts founded on the reading of the Septuagint, or tricked out by the Haggada, to purposes to which they certainly were not intended. With St. Matthew this tendency amounted to a positive passion. Few persons would be able to find in the words of Hosea (xi. 1), "When Israel was a child then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt," an allusion to the return of the Holy Family. Even more unfortunate is his attempt to wrest the words of some unknown author—"He shall be called a Nazarene"—into a reason for Joseph and Mary's taking up their abode in Nazareth, which, by all authentic accounts, was their actual home. One can only say that by inferences of this kind any passage of the Old Testament may be made to mean anything that one wishes it to mean.

The free use of the Haggada,—late Jewish embellishments of ancient narratives, etc.,—shows how little the New Testament writers were exempt from the popular superstitions of their day, while it explains the presence of many curious preconceptions in the New Testament which are not to be found in the Old. Belief in guardian angels and in demoniacal possession is already well established in the charming legend of Tobit. Josephus relates in a very amusing story how a certain Jew, Eleazer, in the presence of Vespasian drew a devil out of a man's nose by means of a magic ring, and that the demon afterward, to show his whereabouts, very obligingly overturned a dish of water which stood near (Antiq. viii. 2, 5). In other respects the New Testament writers were influenced by late Jewish legends to an extent which is not usually suspected. St. Jude, another "Brother of the Lord," according to Hegesippus, was especially addicted to this kind of literature. The author of the Second Epistle ascribed to St. Peter emulated him. Jude quotes the apocryphal

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Book of Enoch as if it were the work of a genuine prophet. He borrows from Enoch the singular conception of angels locked up, perhaps in the stars, "under chains of darkness." From another Jewish legend (*assumptio Mosis*), he learned the wonderful story of Michael's battle with the Devil for the body of Moses. Now Moses is not buried at all, but is carried up to Heaven like Enoch himself. The author of the Second Epistle to Timothy (not St. Paul) has learned from the Haggada the names of the two Egyptian sorcerers who withstood Moses. They are Jannes and Jambres (iii. 8). In their march through the wilderness the Israelites not only drank once of the smitten rock, but the rock continued to follow them, pouring out water the whole way. St. Paul accepts this legend without criticism, and reproduces it in the celebrated passage (1 Cor. x. 4), ". . . for they drank of that spiritual rock *that followed them:* and that rock was Christ." According to all the ancient narrations the Law had been directly communicated to Moses by the Almighty. Moses's unique position among the prophets was supposed to lie in that very circumstance—that with him Jehovah spoke face to face. To the timid authors of the Haggada this seemed too bold. It was impossible that a mere man could come so near to God and live. A new version was made. It was now asserted that angels received the contents of the Law from Jehovah, and communicated them to Moses. Strange to say, this is the form which the narration usually assumes in the New Testament, as is indicated by the following passages. In the speech ascribed to Stephen we are told—"Who have received the Law by the *disposition of angels*, . . ." (Acts vii. 53). According to St. Paul the Law "was ordained by angels" (Gal. iii. 19). Similarly in the Epistle to the Hebrews (ii. 2), ". . . the word spoken by angels was steadfast." In the same way, legends in regard to the return of Elias occur in more than one place in the Gospel; and, to mention only one other instance, the Lord himself in his inaugural sermon in Nazareth adopts the statement of the Midrash that Elijah's drought lasted just three and one-half years (Luke iv. 25)—an opinion which was also echoed by St. James (v. 17).

The conclusion to be drawn from these examples is of course only too plain. The argument that would limit our conception of the Old Testament to the views entertained by New Testament writers, in the first place proves too much, since it would also include the Haggadic Midrash of the Rabbis, to which, as has been shown, the New Testament writers frequently set their seal, even when the Midrash departed

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decidedly from the text of the ancient Scriptures. Apart from this, the times were not favorable for anything approaching scientific exegesis. The ludicrous blunders of the Book of Judith (to say nothing of the older Book of Daniel) show how extremely circumscribed the historical horizon must have been. The fact that recent Books such as Daniel, the Book of Enoch, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Koheleth could suddenly crop up and be seriously accepted as the writings of men who had been in their graves hundreds, or even thousands of years betrays, at least, a complete absence of critical insight. The language of the Old Testament was no longer well understood. The significance of many of the ancient writings, *e.g.*, the Song of Solomon, had fallen into obscurity. There were no grammars and no dictionaries, if we exclude Philo's *Interpretationes vocum Hebraicarum*, so much prized by the Middle Ages. In short, it would be as unreasonable to expect of the first two generations of Christians an exact comprehensive knowledge of the books of the Old Testament, as it would be to look for such a knowledge in the early schoolmen of the great literary monuments of antiquity.

It is always a dangerous expedient to drive men into suffering for an ideal. One may, thereby, become the greatest of criminals without intending it. If there is one thing more atrocious than to lift one's hand against innocence, it is to attempt to strangle the truth. The death of Jesus—one of the thousand melancholy instances of this crime—has conferred a ghastly immortality on its perpetrators. Judged by the canons of ecclesiastical procedure, his fate was inevitable. His word, whether he himself realized it or not, had sounded the death-knell of the old *régime*. The Law, the sacrifice, the temple, no longer exist for the man who can say, even to himself, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." All that, of course, was hid from Annas and Caiaphas. In defending the religion of the past at any cost from the daring innovations of the Galilean, like all other fanatics, they flattered themselves that they were doing God service. Probably they uttered their evil maxim—"It is expedient that one should die, rather than that the whole nation should perish,"—in all good faith. But after eighteen centuries of persecution, is it not time that the "rights of conscience," which Jesus so powerfully affirmed, and to which he himself was a victim, should at last be recognized? In matters of this sort the advice of Gamaliel is full of wisdom: "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye

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cannot overthrow it." At the present time all really religious thinkers are engaged in solving the same problem, which is, in the truest sense, the problem of the future. The world is in many respects quite different from what we have imagined it to be. The accounts we have received of its origin, of the laws that govern it, of man's place in it, of certain mighty personages who have swayed and moulded its destinies, have come down to us colored and distorted by many natural illusions. What then? Shall we hold fast to the old illusions at whatever cost? Or shall we attempt, so far as God gives us strength to face reality, to master those laws, to learn who those mighty persons really were and what they intended, in order that we too may enlist ourselves under their banners, and devote ourselves to their infinite task of saving the world?

In attempting to stem this movement our Bishops encourage themselves with the belief that they are only fighting the old battle of truth against error, and that as heresy has been vanquished in the past, so it will be vanquished again. In this they are the victims of a serious misconception. Even in ecclesiastical history, truth has frequently flourished on the side of small minorities. On the day of the Crucifixion its party was reduced to one. But apart from this fact, which Bishops can scarcely be expected to recognize, the battle of the future is to be waged on a field very different from the fields of the past. The decisions and creeds of the General Councils are about as effectual "guardians of the faith," against the attacks of modern criticism, as the old brick forts around New York would be effectual exposed to the powerful projectiles of modern ordnance. The controversies, of which the General Councils are the historical landmarks, were all alike in this respect—that they were waged about matters which entirely transcend human intelligence. In battles of this kind he wins the victory who thinks that he has won it. Both sides were in the wrong for attempting the impossible, though neither could convince the other of error. In the field of speculative theology, setting out as it does from no verifiable premise, it is as easy, as Kant has shown, to prove the thesis as the antithesis. It is as easy, also, to prove the antithesis as the thesis. When theology laid its coarse hand on the person of Jesus, true piety sighed: psychological science, had it then been in existence, would have smiled an ironical smile. Whether the Holy Spirit "proceeded" from the Father and the Son, or from the Father only; what is the most just distribution of "Persons" and "Substances"; whether Jesus pos-

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sessed two wills or only one will,—are all questions it is idle to propose, because we have no way of answering them. In spite of the investigations of Richet, of Francis Galton, of Jürgen Meyer, genius, and religious genius preëminently, remains the diamond of the spiritual world against which all our scientific theories shatter themselves without penetrating its secret. Lombroso has compiled a charming volume to prove that all men of genius have been insane. But, after all, what does it matter? As Renan says—"Who would not rather be sick like Pascal, than well like most other people?"

Fortunately for our sanity the religious movement of the present proceeds on entirely different lines. It has assumed for the most part the rôle of an impartial historical investigation. That is a fact which our Bishops have not yet grasped. "To affirm of the certain, that it is certain; of the probable, that it is probable; of the possible, that it is possible"—that is the whole business of criticism. Now, although we may not go so far as Otto Pfleiderer in proclaiming history to be "the truth of God," it is at all events the record of matters of fact which, when once established, cannot be altered to please any one. To declare one's self an enemy to the facts of history is either to expose one's ignorance or to publish the badness of one's cause. It is quite true that criticism in the first flush of its early successes has often gone beyond its province, and has proved false to its own principles, declaring that to be certain which is only probable, or setting forth as probable what is only possible. But the correction of these errors must be effected by criticism itself, certainly not by persecution or by appeals to dogmatic decisions put forth by men who never even suspected the existence of these problems.

So far as I am aware the historical evidences of Christianity were only once seriously attacked in antiquity. Celsus, the most terrible of adversaries, succeeded with wonderful industry in laying his finger on almost every weak spot of our panoply. Scarcely one argument has been advanced by modern criticism which was not anticipated by this terrible pagan. Nevertheless, Origen met him on his own ground, and his temperate reply to the "True Word" does credit to Origen's heart. In matters of this kind, the attitude of a woman counts for little. (Fortunately thoughts are neither masculine nor feminine.) But were I a man, I should remind myself of that fine saying of Balzac's—"We take our stand upon the present and seek to dominate it, and if we destroy the past, it is for the sake of the future."

ELIZA GOLD.

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CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY HACK.

I AM forty-five years old. For twenty-three years I have earned my living in New York City by writing for various periodicals—daily and weekly newspapers and monthly magazines. There should be no confusion in my own mind, after all this experience, as to my literary status; indeed there is no confusion; and, when I call myself a "hack," I am persuaded that I do myself no wrong. When I was graduated from Harvard I had just turned my twenty-first year, and my father, a lawyer in large practice in a near-by city, readily acquiesced in my desire to spend some time in foreign travel. Before quite a year had passed my father died suddenly, and I was summoned home. When his affairs were looked into it was found that he had left a very small estate, barely enough to keep my mother and sister from privation. All my brilliant prospects of living like a young prince vanished, and I was obliged at once to do something for my own support. When I recall this period, the folly of my decision to adopt an occupation by which I could immediately earn enough to keep myself in some luxury, instead of taking a clerkship in a lawyer's office and fitting myself to practise my father's profession, is entirely apparent to me. Indeed it has been apparent for a long time past, but when I realized the folly it was too late for me to make a change in my career.

I secured a place as a reporter for a newspaper, and within a year a sub-editorial position had been given to me and I received a salary of $40 a week. This was very much more than any of my college class-mates were making, and was quite as much probably as my allowance would have been had my father lived and prospered. I, therefore, felt that I was "a good deal of a fellow," and I cultivated an abundant crop of vanities. At the end of my second year I was promoted in the newspaper office, and I now received $50 a week. During this year I wrote dramatic and musical criticisms, and not infrequently spoke words of wisdom on other subjects relating to the fine arts. This occupation was not of a character calculated to relieve me of any of my bumptiousness; for it may be known that actors

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especially, and musicians, also, have a most inordinate fondness for seeing their names in print. They, therefore, flatter a man who controls the critical department of a newspaper with a persistence that knows no ending. Such attentions had their usual effect, and I soon became as insufferable a young coxcomb as there was in the metropolis.

When I was twenty-five I wrote an article on a subject about which I had precious little information, and sent it to the editor of one of the great magazines. The article happened to be "timely," I fancy, and was promptly accepted. For this article, had I been a "space writer," my own newspaper would have paid me $20; the editor of the magazine sent me a check for $75. This was a most untoward event. I at once persuaded myself that I was throwing my brilliant talents away on the newspaper where my articles appeared anonymously. I was sure that every writer should get credit for his work, and it was not long before I had determined that I was very hardly used. To see my name in the advertisements of the magazine; to read in the "literary notes" of the newspapers of "Mr. Hack's timely, well-considered, and very clever article." Ah! these things were sweet indeed. And then my colleagues on the newspaper, men who had not read the article and felt no interest whatever in the subject, treated me as though I had accomplished something quite wonderful and was therefore a man of commanding distinction.

Of course I wrote other magazine articles as quickly as I could find subjects, and, singularly enough, I sold these also. I have recently read some of these over—I kept a scrap-book in those days and pasted into it all of my writing—and I cannot discover why they found such an easy market. They were not bright, they were not well written; it must have been that they had a "timeliness" which I cannot now recall. While I was having these successes I was still writing for the newspaper. At the end of my third year I told the editor—I no longer dealt with the managing editor, as I had become too big a man to be directed by any other than the chief himself—that I thought my salary should be raised. He, too, had been influenced by the fact that I had been writing for the magazines, and so he acquiesced in my suggestion and my salary was raised to $75 a week. That was surely doing very well, for I was only twenty-six years old and knew very little save those things which I could not help knowing. I was not a student in any broad sense, but I believe I did have the faculty of cramming up on a subject so that until I

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had written about it I would have a quantity of superficial impressions. It is likely that my articles were more entertaining than they would have been had I known more of my subjects; for now they were "impressionistic," and impressionism at that time was a new cult in the world of art.

That year my earnings must have amounted to almost $5,000. Being in my own estimation a "personage," I concluded to have an establishment. So I persuaded a young girl, who ought to have been better advised, to become my wife. And in the course of time I begat a family. Before the family had attained large proportions the newspaper for which I wrote changed ownership, and in a very little while the new editor, ignorant of and indifferent to my literary reputation, asked for my resignation to make room for a personal friend. I confess that this was a serious blow to me, but I put a bold face on the matter and procured the insertion of paragraphs in the literary columns of the various newspapers something like this:

"Mr. Hack, long the dramatic critic of the 'Castor and Pollux,' has resigned from that paper so as to devote his time exclusively to more serious literary work. He has hitherto written for 'Harper's,' the 'Atlantic,' and 'Scribner's,' and it is likely that he will in the future be a more frequent contributor to these magazines. Besides, Mr. Hack has in preparation a drama, the completion of which several managers are impatiently awaiting."

I had such an announcement made out of pure vanity. It was a very silly thing to do. Instead of arranging my future in this superior way, it was due to my family that I seek a place with a salary. Instead of that I cut off all offers with these foolish paragraphs, and then my obstinate pride compelled me to try and live up to the promises of this prospectus. Well, I have paid for this folly a hundred times over, and to-day at forty-five, with deep wrinkles beneath my eyes and my hair white at the temples, I write myself down a literary "hack" because of it. From the day I left the newspaper till now I have never had a salary, and have had to depend entirely for my own support and the support of my family upon the sale of poems, stories, articles, and other literary matter manufactured to order. And it may well be believed that there have been times when my lot was far from pleasant, and the condition of my family bordered close upon the undignified.

There may be lessons in these confessions for those who feel inclined to lead what is vaguely called "a literary life." And the number of such persons is always increasing. There is scarcely a village in

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the land without two or more aspirants for literary fame, and bids come even from the farm-houses; while in the cities no one, young or old, appears to be free from the scribbler's mania. To tell these something of the trials and hardships of literary work, something of the rewards and disappointments of it, does not argue vanity on my part, I think, but rather a sincere desire to show them whither the road they are ambitious to tread is apt to lead; and to point out, as in a guide-book, some of the places of interest on the way.

My first year as a literary hack was full of disappointments. Not having a comfortable salary at my back I was dependent entirely on what I received for the fugitive pieces that I wrote. And I wrote a great many of them; but selling them was another matter. Before then, whether an article sold or not was no great matter, for I had been uniformly fortunate, and each of my productions was taken at the first asking. It was not unnatural, perhaps, for me to entertain the idea that my writing was in demand, and so in the beginning I counted that, when an article was finished, it was so much ready cash. It was not long, however, before I was obliged to entertain a very different idea; for of the first six articles that I produced, after leaving the newspaper, only one was purchased by an editor, and this editor paid his own price, which was not much in excess of ordinary newspaper rates. When an article would come back from one magazine I promptly forwarded it to another, and in this process I spent in the aggregate a considerable sum for postage. I also got nervous and was worried, and when writing I am sure I thought much more of whether an article was likely to sell than I did of its matter and manner. It was the saddest time of my life, for during that year I did not earn more than $600, and I saw myself and my family grow shabby, almost out at elbow. From our apartment near Fifth Avenue we moved into a boarding-house, a cheap boarding-house, and every Saturday, which was pay-day, was looked forward to, both by the landlady and me, with much anxiety. I managed, however, to pull through. Meantime I had completed my play—a society comedy. I am sure that every manager in New York read or pretended to read that play, but not one of them saw his way clear to put it on the stage. At this time I have nothing to reproach them with, for I am sure that they were entirely right in declining to accept what I offered them. But then I was persuaded that they were either ignorant or prejudiced. I even entertained the idea that some of the managers were paying me back for the adverse criticisms I had

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written when I was a dramatic critic. That play, however, stood me in good stead. Without it I should have been quite hopeless; but the expectations I had of it and the fortune it would bring kept me from getting entirely despondent.

I did not appreciate the fact at the time, but I have since realized that I was learning how to be a moderately prosperous hack during that year of disappointments. I am not sure that I should be grateful for these lessons, for without them I might have been forced to turn my attention to something else. That would have been a good thing, for hack-writing is the most unprofitable of all employments, and, in some respects, the most undignified. It is unprofitable because the work cannot possibly bring either fame or fortune; it is undignified because the hack writer does not say what he thinks or what he feels, but says, as nearly as he can, what he thinks the editor would be pleased to have him say. In other words, the hack writer is very much of a fraud, and in moments of frank introspection he sees this very plainly, and so at times he regards himself with appropriate disrespect. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his discussion of criminals, says that those unfortunates are the vainest creatures in the world save literary men and artists. When a hack writer persuades himself that he is a literary artist—and there are such in plenty—he saves himself from the sufferings of self-reproach. That year of disaster, however, robbed me of my surplus vanity, and I saw myself face to face without too many illusions. I got also to know editors tolerably well, while I learned very thoroughly that none of them was yearning for me or my writings.

I learned also, and of this knowledge I took advantage, that not one voluntary contribution in fifty had any chance of acceptance in a first-class magazine. Magazines are planned by the editors for months in advance of publication. They are not thrown together from what material happens to be on hand, but that which is to be used is arranged for long in advance. My bad fortune made me careful, so when I had gained some insight of the interior management I began proposing to write this article and that on subjects which would have a timeliness six months or so later. Of course, being of comparatively untried metal, I could not get absolute orders for these articles, but I received conditional orders now and then. With the advantage of such an order I could write with a better heart, and consequently I did better work and had more success. My second year's product sold for something like $1,800, and I should have been

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moderately content had it not been that the money came to me with such irregularity. One month I would make only $50, and the next month perhaps $250. That irregularity of remuneration has continued till this day, but I am now accustomed to it and do not expect it to be different. Indeed, I fancy that both doctors and lawyers in moderate practice have experiences somewhat similar to mine.

During the second year I realized that the mere maker of descriptive and didactic articles had a very limited field in which to sell his pieces; so I concluded to try my hand at fiction, for there was a constant demand for short stories. There are many things for which I have no gift, but my story-telling gifts are conspicuously deficient. My stories are so poor that I never read one without a blush of shame. I write them, however,—I am obliged to write them—and I consider it a pretty bad year when I do not sell more than half a dozen of them. Some of them are so bad that I am ashamed to send them forth to the world under my own name. I sell them, however, to be used over a pen name, which I have adopted for the sake of what I call my "misfits." I have contributed stories to "Harper's Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Bazar," the "Century," the "Atlantic," "Scribner's," "Lippincott's," the "Cosmopolitan," and other periodicals, and I have every reason to hope that I shall be able to sell more little fictions to the editors of the same periodicals. My stories for ten years past have yielded me always in excess of $1,000 a year.

The weekly paper is really a better connection for a hack writer than a monthly magazine. Only a man with a vogue, a man who has become the fashion, has much chance of regular employment on any monthly magazine. But hack writers are needed on weekly papers in which current events are commented on. And a hack who has the confidence of the editor of a prosperous weekly paper is in a position by which he can secure a steady income. There is one difficulty, however. Editors of weekly papers do not appear to have a long tenure of office. "Harper's Weekly," for instance, has had seven editors in as many years. Now it is a pretty serious matter for the hack contributor when there is a change of editors and a new man comes in. The new man as likely as not does not know the hack, and the hack does not know the editor. You may depend upon it that the hack has to make all the advances toward a better acquaintance, and you may depend upon it, also, that the editor does not meet the hack even half-way. The hack is held at arm's length, and is

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given to understand in both courteous and discourteous fashion that he must not make a nuisance of himself. The new editor always strikes me—and the Lord knows I have had a full share of experience of them—as being in mortal fear of being made use of, of being imposed upon. Several years ago a fellow hack, a man I had worked with side by side for ten years and with whom I had been tolerably intimate, was made the editor of a certain influential periodical. Both of us were contributors to this weekly, and, singularly enough, the editorship was offered to me two months before it was given to him. I declined because I preferred even my disturbed peace to the perpetual battle the editor of that particular weekly has to fight with the publisher and owner. I never told my comrade that the editorship had been offered to me, for the tender was made in confidence. But when he assumed the chair of responsibility, he let me know that he was the editor every time I had business with him. His manner changed entirely. He was no longer genial, but was cold, distant, brusque. "Good-morning, Mr. Hack," was the extent of his greeting, and he would pass into his sanctum hurriedly as though in fear of being waylaid. On my manuscripts he evidently spent much time, for when the proofs reached me every other sentence would have been transposed, and in not a few instances the original meaning completely changed.

I have said that "a hack does not write what he would like, but rather what he fancies the editor would like." That is quite true, but even a hack must have some regard for propriety, and must draw the line somewhere, and so determine what liberties shall be taken with his name. I draw the line at the point where the editor would have me say things that I know to be false and foolish. I cannot afford to permit such utterances over my signature, for the reason, even if there were no better one, that other editors would soon stop employing me and regard me as unsafe and unsound. When I find such alterations made in my copy I kill my signature in the proof and so let the article go out unsigned. This particular new editor did not like this, but he said nothing because he did not care to appear as thinking that my name had any value. But he kept a rod in pickle for me. His predecessor had ordered an article which required study and research. It had not been finished when the change took place, so the completed article fell into the hands of the new editor.

"Ah, Mr. Hack," he said to me a day or two after the article had

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been turned in, "I wish you would give a little more time to your articles and save me the trouble of rewriting them."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That article of yours," he replied, "was so badly written that I had to spend half a day in putting it in shape. I should think a man of your experience would know that a verb is necessary to the integrity of every sentence, and that a participle does not answer in its stead."

I think I never was so angry in my life. I managed to get out of his room without committing a physical assault, but I did this by the greatest possible effort of self-repression. When the proof came to me I sent for the copy also. I found that he had made a few changes in the copy, but it could not have taken him half an hour to make them. A few sentences had been transposed, a line here and there eliminated—and that was all. I took both copy and proof to the new editor.

"That was a grim pleasantry of yours," I remarked.

"I hope you will profit by it," he answered.

"Yes," said I, "I shall profit by it, for I shall never give you another chance to be insolent to me." Then I went away feeling that for a mere hack I had displayed a most commendable spirit of independence. From this office for several years I had derived a most substantial part of my income, and this was virtually closing the doors against myself. But it was not for long. In a few months the new editor was an ex-editor, and his successor being a man of some ability, I resumed my work very much as though it had never been interrupted.

The attitude of the editor and the contributor toward each other is quite likely to be one of disguised hostility. When a contributor makes a proposition to an editor, the latter is very apt to give more time to thinking of reasons to decline than in considering the merits of the offering. The editor's "No" is ready on his lips before he has heard what is to be submitted to him. This attitude, to be sure, is wrong both to the editor's employers and to the contributors, but I am afraid that it is inevitable, as there are not more than two editors in New York City who can be said to be hospitable in their reception of suggestions. The contributor or hack is very apt to resent this editorial hostility, and to feel that it is directed against him only. But, as a matter of fact, it is general, and a hack who would succeed should not pay any attention to it. I never in my life had an idea

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for an article for which, sooner or later, I did not get an order. Because Mr. Alden does not care for your suggestion; because Mr. Gilder is not attracted by it—these are not reasons for despair, for, as likely as not, it will be the very thing Mr. Burlingame is looking for. An article once written, however, is the veriest drug in an overstocked market. An idea has potency and value; a written article which has not been ordered in advance is almost entirely valueless. Every now and then a hack gets an order for an article which, to use a miners' phrase, does not "pan out." If he have some wisdom and experience he will go to the editor who ordered it and candidly tell him that the article when written did not come up to the mark. The editor is not likely to be disappointed, for one article more or less is of little importance to him; but if he is a fair man he is apt to think better of the hack for his candor and honesty. A thrifty hack, however, will not lose such an article entirely, for the land is filled with Sunday newspapers which give a warm welcome to second- and third-rate matter. The "literary syndicates," also, are always on the alert for "mushy" matter for distribution in the great West. I have usually little difficulty in disposing of my "misfits."

There are other sources of annoyance to the hack writer than editorial hostility and editorial insolence. The chief of these may be called editorial indecision. I have said that ideas are valuable. Well, suppose a literary hack goes to a magazine office and submits his idea. The editor does not know whether he wants it or not. He promises to think about it. The humble hack cannot, of course, decline to give the editor time for consideration. But while this process is going on, the idea, of course, is unavailable; it is "hung up." Nine times out of ten the idea is declined by the editor who wants time to think it over, and then, a discarded thing, it comes back to the hack, who must whip himself up into a renewed enthusiasm so that he may suggest it to another magazine. This is a real hardship on a hack, for a certain amount of preparation is necessary in presenting a subject in attractive form to a hostile editor. The average editor feels in duty bound to seem to know everything on the earth, in the waters below, and the heavens above. So the hack must be able to talk quickly and intelligently about his subject, else he is sure to be tripped up by the omniscient occupant of the tripod.

Another disagreeable feature of the commercial side of the profession is the delay between the finishing and the acceptance of an article. Some editors put off reading articles as long as possible;

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and a long delay often robs an article of more than half its value. This loss, of course, falls on the writer; which is manifestly unfair when he has carried out his part of the arrangement with promptness. In cases of this kind the wise hack takes his medicine smilingly, and does all he can to seem to like it. Otherwise he is apt to receive the cold shoulder when next he appears on the scene of his offending.

Another difficulty is the rate of pay and the time of payment. Both these vary very greatly in different establishments. The Harpers pay more promptly than any other publishers, for they pay cash for all they buy and pay immediately upon acceptance. The ordinary Harper-rate for hack work is $10 for a thousand words for the "Weekly," the "Bazar," and "Young People"; and $20 for a thousand words for the magazine. As the Harpers buy more than any other firm of publishers, they may be said to establish the rate of payment by the other periodicals which rival theirs. But even hack writers, for anything involving much work or expense, receive higher rates than $10 and $20 a thousand words from the Harpers. A short story of five thousand words—a most convenient length—will usually bring $150 from the Harpers, from the Scribners, or from the "Century." The "Atlantic" pays less, and so does "Lippincott's." The "Cosmopolitan" appears to have no regular rate of payment, either for articles or for fiction. The Harpers, as I have said, pay for contributions instantly upon acceptance; a check from the Century Company follows quick upon the heels of the letter from the editor saying that your contribution is acceptable; the same is true as to "Scribner's" and to "Lippincott's" and the "Ladies' Home Journal." Nearly all the others pay on publication. A hack writer would almost as soon not work as to write for a magazine conducted on such principles. Recently I had a letter from an editor, with whom I had never had any relations, asking for an article on a subject on which I had come to be regarded as something of an authority by reason of the fact that I had written a great deal on it. I suppose my authority was conceded because it was thought that if I found so much to say I must have great stores of knowledge. Well, I wrote the article at once, putting aside other work. Weeks passed, and I received no acknowledgment. I wrote and asked if it had been received. A reply came saying that it had been received and was accepted. I asked for a check. Then came a very formal announcement that payment was made on publication. The article has not been published yet, and so far as I know it may never see the light. This is manifestly

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wrong, and happily the majority of publishers so regard it themselves. When a writer has finished his work and transferred the control and ownership, he has no further interest, and he should be paid at once for what he has done.

Hack writers, who are also Bohemians, tell pretty yarns about the great sums of money that they earn. I fancy that the Bohemian hack usually computes his earnings in this way: when he conceives an idea for a hundred-dollar article he counts that he has made $100; then, when he gets an order for the article, he counts $100; when he writes it there is another hundred; when he turns it in to the editor another hundred; when it is accepted another; when he gets the money still another. So with this one poor little article the sanguine and cheerful Bohemian hack will, in the end, according to his happy method of computation, have made $600. No wonder that we hear of literary hacks who make $10,000 and $20,000 a year. But they do not make it, by a long shot. It is not possible for a hack, unless he have some special and exceptional good luck, to make more than $6,000 a year. I have made that much, but I average only a little less than $5,000 a year. To do this I work every day in the year, and in all my walks abroad my eyes have to be always open for subjects. It may be interesting to make a transcript from my account book for a year. This will show the sources of a hack's income and indicate in some measure the amount of work that had to be done. I do not, for obvious reasons, state what year's account this is:

January.		
"Century" (story)	$150	
"Harper's Weekly"	87	
"Lippincott's"	45	
"Chautauquan"	40	
"Leslie's Weekly"	25	
"Harper's Young People"	17	
"Once a Week"	43	
McClure's Syndicate	25	
		$432
February.		
"Harper's Magazine"	75	
"Ladies' Home Journal"	40	
"Cosmopolitan"	75	
"Harper's Weekly"	93	
"Tribune"	45	
"North American Review"	46	
"Herald"	32	
McClure's Syndicate	25	
American Press Association	40	
		$471
		$903
March.		
"Harper's Bazar	100	
"Harper's Weekly"	61	
"Scribner's Magazine" (story)	150	
"Century" (poem)	15	
"Once a Week"	25	
"Christian Union"	24	
American Press Association	80	
"Leslie's Weekly"	27	
"Youth's Companion"	25	
"Sun"	24	
		$531
April		527
May		487
June		420
July		310
August		295
September		354
October		480
November		475
December		440
Total for the year		$5,222

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The year when I made more than $6,000 I had one fee of $1,000 for re-writing a book for a wealthy gentleman who wished to show to the world that he could do something else besides accumulate money. He did not pay my fee very cheerfully, and as the book brought him no fame, but came quite still-born from the press, he blames me for its lack of success. And he is quite right. If it had been printed as he wrote it it would have added materially to the gayety of nations, and would probably have rivalled as a curiosity that wonderful Portuguese grammar which expounded "English as she is spoke."

Now I am at the end of my confessions, and, though I am an unsuccessful and disappointed man, I cannot say that I am unhappy. From several small legacies Mrs. Hack and I have laid by a little store, and year by year this grows larger. We have sent our first boy to Harvard, and the younger one is in business. The two girls are at school, and fine girls they are. My wife, who honors me with an admiration all undeserved, thinks that I ought to be famous instead of comparatively unknown. She dislikes that I should have to truckle to editors not fit, as she says, to fasten my shoe. The other night we had a long talk and took an accurate account of our belongings. The showing was small but gratifying, and the good wife said in her own good way:

"Don't let us worry, dear Hack. In another ten years the children will be able to look after themselves, and then we can go to the country and live in peace and quiet, while you write books. I cannot bear to think of you when you get old and white-haired going around from office to office to sell your little pieces. And you shall not do it, if I can help it."

I sincerely trust that this modest and pleasant programme may be carried out. It seems to me as possible as it is modest and pleasant.

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